

The Sketch

No. 867.—Vol. LXVII.

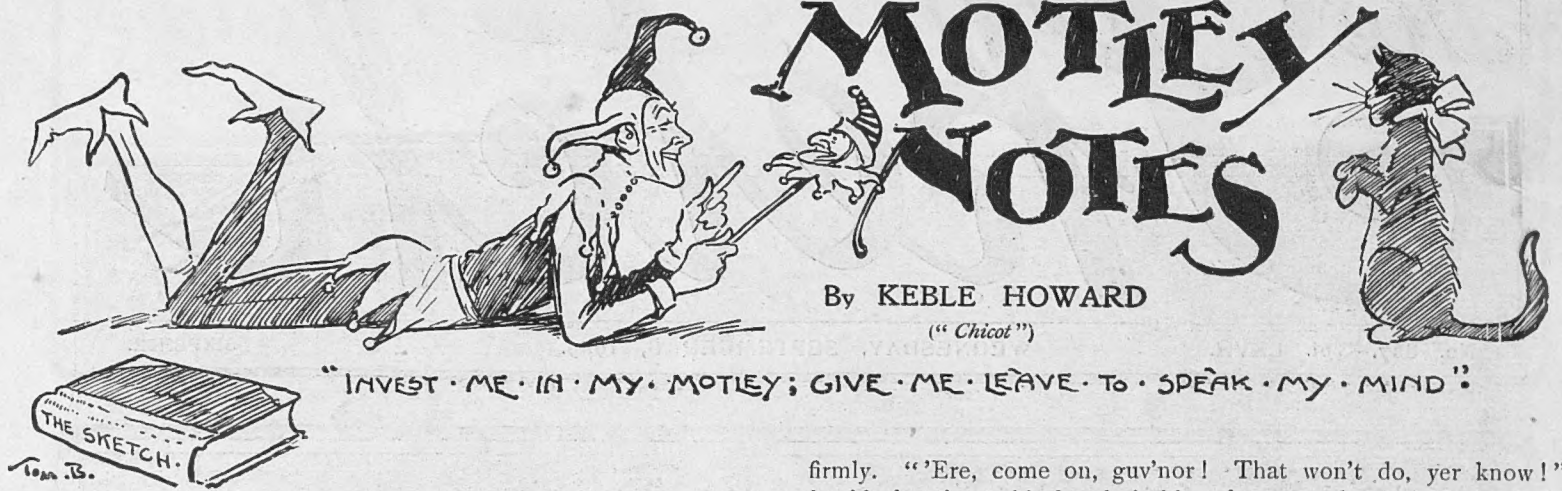
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



ONCE IN "THE MERRY WIDOW," NOW BRIDE OF A PROUD PRINCE: Mlle. WANDA PAOLA LOTTERO,
MARRIED TO PRINCE WILLIAM OF SAXE-WEIMAR'S SON.

Great interest has been aroused by the marriage of Count (formerly Prince) Herman Charles Ostheim, elder son of Prince William of Saxe-Weimar, who is cousin and heir-presumptive of the reigning Grand Duke, to Mlle. Wanda Paola Lottero, formerly one of the Maxim Girls in "The Merry Widow." Three years ago Prince Herman was a lieutenant in the Cultrassier Guards in Berlin, but was dismissed from the army, and his debts, amounting to £50,000, were paid by his family. Last month he renounced his royal title and right of succession. The wedding took place last Thursday at the registry office in Hanover Square. Mlle. Lottero, who is an Italian, acted under the name of Wanda Zatters.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



In Search of Childish Trust.

I am not, by nature, a sceptical person. As a matter of fact, nobody is naturally sceptical. We are all born with a perfect trust in the truthfulness, sincerity, and kindly honesty of those around us. The life of this perfect trust is dependent upon individual temperament. The thick-skinned youth, upon whom a rebuff has little effect, preserves his critical complacency far longer than his more sensitive brother. The deeper the love, the deeper the wound. Gentle and confiding natures rush headlong on scepticism and cynicism. When, therefore, the experts told me that Brighton was a town of the past, that it was practically a desert, that the hotels and boarding-houses were empty, that the places of amusement were filled with nothing more remunerative than the souging of the wind, you must not be surprised to learn that I decided to run down here and look into the matter for myself. I will not say that I positively disbelieved the experts. Let us, rather, put it in this way, that I was anxious to recover some of my lost faith in the tales that are told by proving to my own satisfaction that all the doleful statements of the experts were correct. At the same time, as a lover of Brighton, I was torn between two hopes.

The Ghosts Walk Indeed!

Alas for the experts! Even at Victoria Station I began to find them out. I chose, as a matter of convenience, the last train on Sunday evening. I argued to myself that, whatever the condition of the popularity of Brighton, the last train on Sunday evening would not be uncomfortably popular. Well, it was crowded from end to end, and all the passengers, it seemed, were bound for Brighton. How I thanked the scepticism that had prompted me to secure my rooms in advance! Next morning, when I pulled up my blind and looked out upon the Front, sceptic or no sceptic, I was staggered. A dense mass of people, heaven knows how many deep, surged slowly this way and that. The foreshore was pink with bathers. The piers swayed beneath their burdens (so to speak). The Pierrots, cabmen, goatherds, bath-chairmen, fruit-sellers, boatmen, and the rest were gathering in a splendid harvest. I went out. King's Road was like the Strand, save that everyone was in holiday mood and holiday attire. In the evening, I made the round of the theatres and music-halls. All were crowded, literally, to the doors. "Is this their desert?" I thought. "Is this their town of the past? If so, the ghosts of generations are walking, and all have money to spend."

Oh, These Matters of Principle!

On the occasion of my recent visit to Southsea, you may possibly remember, I complained that one could not walk three yards along the Front without being pestered to buy something that, quite obviously, one did not want. You do not get that nuisance at Brighton, but there is another annoyance—trivial enough, yet still annoying—that the visitor and resident, one would fancy, might easily be spared. It is almost as much as your life is worth to offer one of the newspaper-sellers along the Front a halfpenny for a halfpenny evening paper or a penny for a penny Sunday paper. The experts, bless them, will tell you that you should be firm with these men, that they have no right to demand double the price of the paper, that they should be reported—and so on. Very well, then. I tried being firm with one of them. I hailed the rascal from the steps of my hotel, took from him a halfpenny evening paper, and gave him, in exchange, a halfpenny. The bargain seemed to me fair and just. Not so, however, to the rascal himself. "'Ere, wot's this?" he demanded. "A halfpenny," I told him, kindly but

firmly. "'Ere, come on, guv'nor! That won't do, yer know!" I said that it would do admirably, whereupon he dashed the halfpenny to the ground and stalked off. The page-boy had the halfpenny, I had the paper, and the rascal had nothing. But why the fuss?

Again the World Trembles.

We are all, I am sure, very much relieved to learn that a gentleman has reached the North Pole. This was one of those things that had to be done, for some reason or another, before we could be allowed to live our lives in peace. Another thing that had to be accomplished was the "conquest of the air." Between ourselves, friend the reader, there is not much more to be gained from the conquest of the air than from the discovery of the North Pole; but they wanted very much to do it, and now they claim to have done it, and so that, too, is all right. All that now remains is for Lieutenant Shackleton, or somebody, to get to the South Pole, for everybody to be knighted, for the Suffragettes to be ignored by the Press—and then, I think, the world will go on as smoothly and happily as ever it did. These world-shaking changes that we hear about make no difference whatever to people who keep their heads. "Aha!" they cry, "what about the steam-engine?" People scoffed at that, yet see what the steam-engine has done! Well, what has it done? One is born, one eats, one drinks, one loves a little, one hates a little, and then one dies. Has the steam-engine made life longer or sweeter? Will flying-machines make life longer or sweeter? Keep calm, friend the reader, and hold tight.

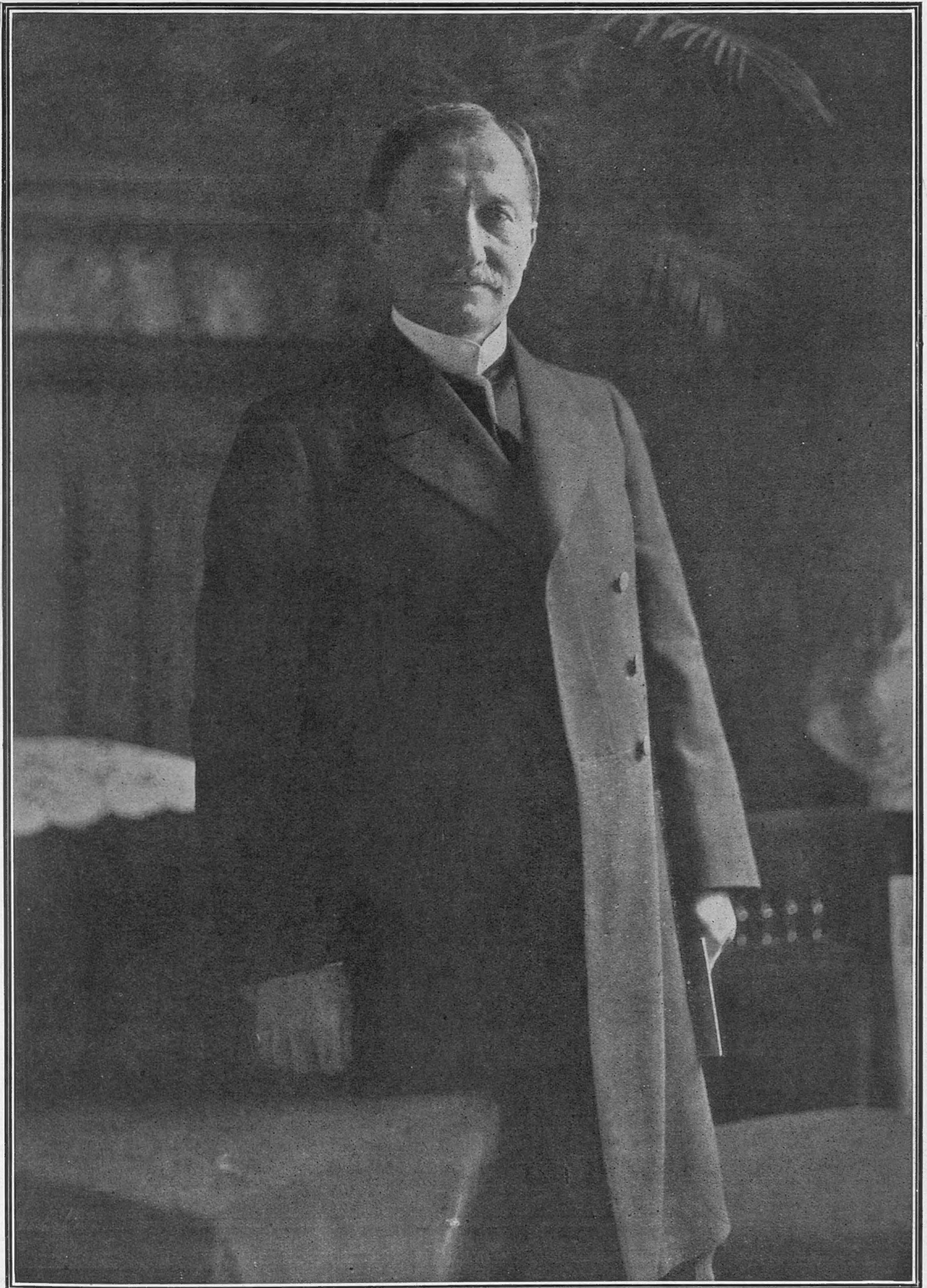
Happy Though a Brute.

What a pity, I repeat, that the fine weather makes people so cross! Now we have a lady writing from Bournemouth to her daily paper to complain, bitterly, about her husband. He seems to be a terribly bad lot. Listen to the catalogue of his crimes—

- (1) When he is at home he acts as if he were at his club.
- (2) Whatever I say to him, it is invariably "All right, my sweet," or "Never mind, my sweet."
- (3) He sits down in the same chair after dinner to read.
- (4) He goes to a restaurant where there is no orchestra.
- (5) He insists upon having the same old table and the same old waiter.
- (6) He smokes the same cigarettes, year after year, the same brand of cigars, and has the same brand of whisky.
- (7) He must always have the same kind of tea.
- (8) Special dishes have to be prepared for him.
- (9) He won't go to a theatre.
- (10) He won't look in a shop-window.
- (11) He is bored to death at a concert.
- (12) He usually goes to sleep in a music-hall.
- (13) He won't have anything to do with "my" friends.
- (14) He expects his wife to make a fuss of *his* friends.
- (15) When spoken to "for his good," he gets up and goes out to the club.
- (16) He is fond of his wife, but refuses to make love to her in public.
- (17) He won't take a holiday, but sends his wife and children to the seaside while he goes on working.

There is only one point in favour of this awful man. "He is kind enough," the lady concludes, "and we are really *very* happy." That, of course, is why she sits upon the sands at Bournemouth, writing letters to the papers about private domestic details. She may be interested to hear that the more I read about that man the more I like him. I can only hope that he really is "very happy." It must be so difficult to be "very happy" when somebody is constantly speaking to you for your good.

KOCH O' THE NORTH: DR. COOK.

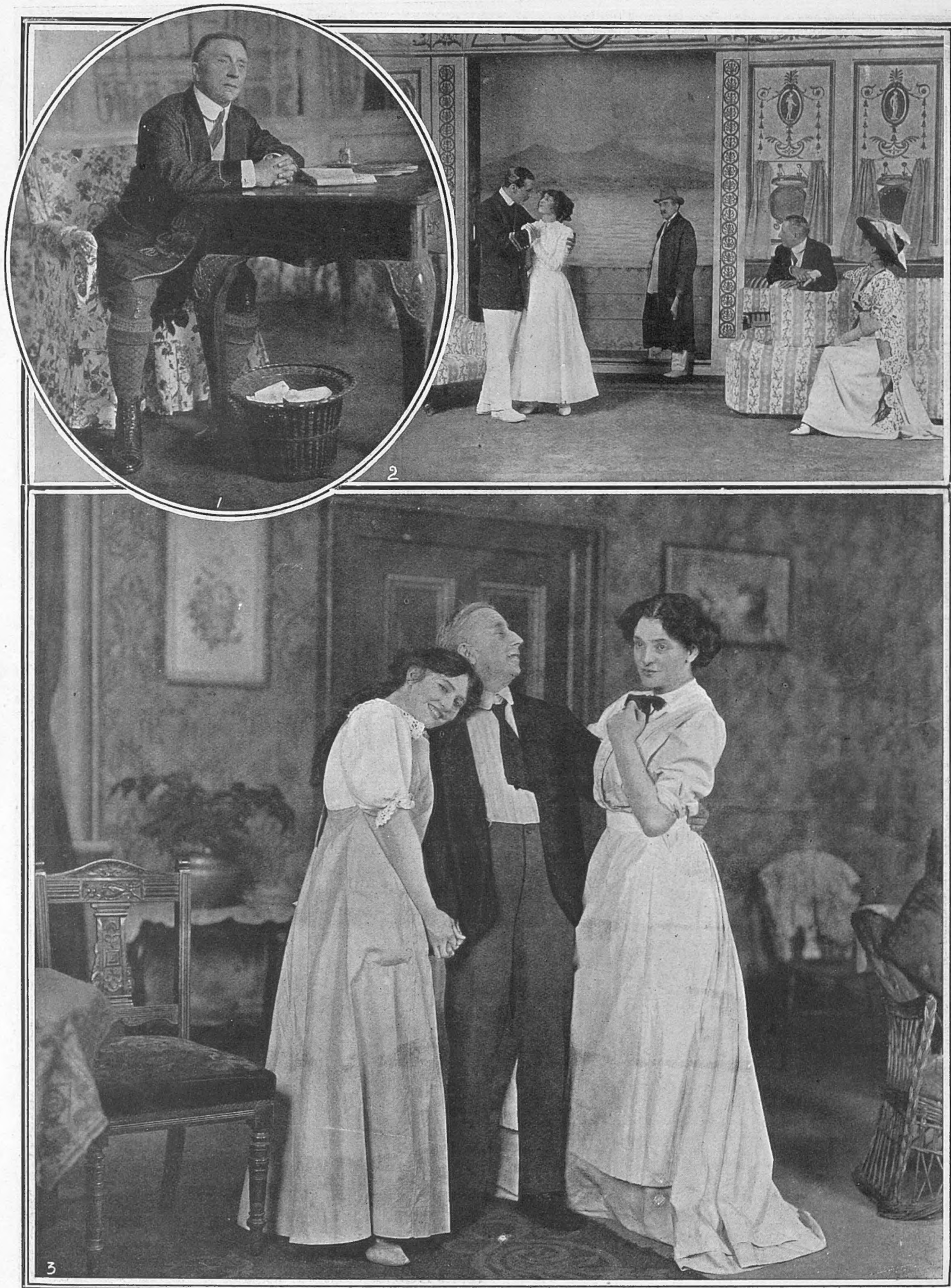


A COOK'S TOUR TO THE NORTH POLE WITHOUT A COUPON: THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT OF
THE BLUE RIBBON OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION, DR. FREDERICK A. COOK.

Cook is a name already famous in the annals of discovery, and school-children studying geography will now have to distinguish between Captain James and Doctor Frederick. For whether his claim to have reached the North Pole be proved or disproved or left undecided, Dr. Cook will in any case go down to posterity as the earliest claimant to the great achievement. Dr. Cook's family is of German origin, the name originally having been spelt "Koch."—[*Photograph by Eifelt.*]

THE VERSATILE MR. HARDING COX AS AN ACTOR:

"THE PIN AND THE PUDDING," AT THE COMEDY.



1. ROBERT ANTHONY MALKIN (MR. HARDING COX) FINDS THE RÔLE OF COUNTRY GENTLEMAN PLEASANTER THAN THAT OF A POOR CLERK.
2. PAT CARBERRY (MR. ROBERT WHYTE JUN.) WARNS HIS SUCCESSFUL RIVAL, MR. ALLAN (MR. ATHOL STEWART) AGAINST THE LITERARY HEROES WORSHIPPED BY TAMSIE (MISS IRIS HOEY), WHOM THEY BOTH HAVE WOODED: "ADAM BEDE," HE SAYS, "WILL GIVE YOU GYP."
3. ROBERT MALKIN (MR. HARDING COX), HIS WIFE (MRS. SAM SOTHERN), AND HIS DAUGHTER TAMSIE (MISS IRIS HOEY) PLAN WHAT THEY WILL DO NOW THAT HE HAS COME INTO A FORTUNE.

Robert Malkin is an elderly clerk who has once, long ago, been in prison for a small theft committed under extenuating circumstances. His employer, Carberry, knowing his secret, uses the knowledge to bully him and force Malkin's daughter to marry him. Just in time, a rich uncle in Queensland leaves Malkin a fortune, but a clause in the will provides that, should he ever have been in gaol, the money shall go elsewhere. Carberry learns it and becomes dangerous once more. He is so deeply in love that he even reads the books which Tamsie admires, and tries to emulate Adam Bede. The situation is saved eventually by Tamsie marrying the uncle's heir, who reappears after having been given up as dead.—[Photograph by Ellis and Walery,

PRIDE BEFORE A FALL: MR. MATHESON LANG AS KING AND JESTER

AND MISS DOROTHY THOMAS AS PERPETUA, IN "THE PROUD PRINCE," AT THE LYCEUM.



1. KING ROBERT OF SICILY (MR. MATHESON LANG) AS A CROWNED HEAD.
2. KING ROBERT OF SICILY (MR. MATHESON LANG) CHANGED INTO A COURT JESTER.

3. PERPETUA (MISS DOROTHY THOMAS), WHOSE LOVE SAVES THE KING.
4. KING ROBERT OF SICILY (MR. MATHESON LANG) IN PROPRIÂ PERSONÂ.
5. A CHANGE OF FACE: THE KING (MR. MATHESON LANG) AS THE COURT FOOL.

In his new romantic play at the Lyceum, "The Proud Prince," Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy has dramatised the familiar legend of King Robert of Sicily, whom most of us heard of at school through Longfellow's poem. As a punishment for his blaspheming pride, the King is metamorphosed into a court jester by an Archangel, who takes his place on the throne. After suffering all kinds of humiliations, the chastened King is regenerated and restored to his proper shape and position through the love of a fair maid, Perpetua, daughter of the executioner, Theron.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]

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The Manuscript of Lettice Longnor. Edited by E. Longnor. 3s. 6d.

C. A. PEARSON

How Our Navy Is Run. A. S. Hurd. Preface by Lord Charles Beresford. 1s. net.

A. GOLDSCHMIDT.

Grieben's Guide to Ostend and Environs, 1909. 1s. 6d. net.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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September 8, 1909.

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THE TRAGIC DEATH OF LORD DE CLIFFORD.



1. THE POINT WHERE THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED; THE SHARP TURN IN THE ROAD.

2. THE LATE LORD DE CLIFFORD.

3. THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT, ROUNDING THE BEND IN THE ROAD.

4. LADY DE CLIFFORD (FORMERLY MISS EVA CARRINGTON).

5. EDWARD HARDS, DRIVER OF THE SECOND MARKET-VAN, WHO WAS THROWN.

6. THE WRECKED CAR AFTER THE ACCIDENT, SHOWING THE BROKEN STEERING-WHEEL.

Lord de Clifford met his death in a sudden and tragic manner last Wednesday, while motoring from Upper Beeding, in Sussex, in the direction of his house near Cowfold. He was at the wheel himself, and was accompanied only by his chauffeur. At the foot of Small Dole Hill, near Steyning, where the road is narrow, the car met suddenly two market-vans going to Steyning. To avoid a collision, Lord de Clifford applied the brakes, whereupon the car overturned. He was struck on the head by the lamp-bracket, and killed instantly. The chauffeur had a marvellous escape. Jack Southwell Russell, twenty-fifth Baron de Clifford, was born in 1884, and succeeded to the title when he was ten. Lord de Clifford's marriage, which took place in 1906, was one of the most romantic instances of the association of the Peerage with the Stage. Miss Evelyn Victoria Anné Chandler (better known by her stage name of Eva Carrington) was playing at the Aldwych in "Bluebell in Fairyland" up to a few days before the wedding, and Lord de Clifford had only just returned from military service in Cairo. He had intended to make a tour in Abyssinia, but resolved to return and propose to Miss Carrington. The wedding took place quietly at a registry office. Lady de Clifford has one son, the Hon. Edward Southwell Russell.—[Photograph by Bassano and Topical.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E.F.S. (Monocle))

A French Raffles. "Arsène Lupin," at the Duke of York's, is a French version of the "Raffles" idea, but not an improvement on it. The audience is kept in the dark for a long time as to the identity of the great burglar who is terrifying Paris;

and though Mr. Gerald du Maurier is taking the most important character, one may be forgiven for supposing for a considerable time that possibly the authors and producers have been guilty of a little originality, and not put him into a part so very similar to that which he has played before. However, as it turns out, this is what they have done; and the doubt only adds to the mystification of the audience during the first two acts, the whole object of which, apparently, is to throw you off the track and exhibit the foolishness of the official detective. The last two acts are better, the duel between Mr. du Maurier, as the great gentleman thief, and Mr. Dennis Eadie, the great detective, providing much entertainment and no little excitement. The curious lift by which Arsène escapes will be an object of interest to the acting,

plays admirably, in order to take a showy part in such a doll's-house drama as the anonymous version of M. Bisson's *Porte-Saint-Martin* piece. However, I am not blaming her, for I know nothing of the inner history of the matter. She rose to the occasion, and though she represented the unfortunate heroine in a somewhat unconventional way, she achieved quite a triumph. Indeed, I attribute the favourable reception of the play to her admirable performance even more than to the curiously unreal murder trial scene, which much interested the house. There was also excellent acting by Messrs. Sydney Valentine, Arthur Wontner, C. M. Hallard, and Edmund Gwenn.

The New Rubens Piece.

In Mr. Paul Rubens's "Dear Little Denmark" there was some question occasionally about mending clocks for a gouty Duke, and a young man wanted to marry somebody and was shut up in prison and got out, and Copenhagen was mentioned frequently;

but the things that mattered were the "musical turns," which had



AUTHOR OF "FALSE GODS":
M. BRIEUX.

M. Brioux's play, "La Foi," translated into English by J. B. Fagan, will be produced at His Majesty's Theatre on September 14th, under the title of "False Gods."

Photograph by Gerschel.

for some time to come. As for there is not much to be said. Mr. du Maurier is very amusing and agreeable; Mr. Eadie is clever, as usual, with material which gives him little chance; and Miss Alexandra Carlisle and Miss Rosina Filippi have here and there a few minutes in which to show what they can do, and take full advantage of them.

"A Sense of Humour."

On the first night at the Playhouse of "A Sense of Humour," I saw the piece by Miss Beryl Faber and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton for the third time and was not bored. It may be a little thin, but the fun never quite drops, and there is a real vein of comedy through the farce; whilst the people, if drawn with some exaggeration, are true enough, as well as entertaining. The new cast is not quite the best I have seen in the work; certainly Miss Faber is quite delightful as Lady Hutton, and other characters are well rendered by Miss Auriol Lee and Messrs. Leslie Faber and Guy Standing.

"Madame X."

Readers of French fiction must not fancy that the new play at the Globe Theatre is a version of the naughty novel by Adolphe Belot called "La Bouche de Madame X," although the heroine, to oblige the author, does keep her mouth closed for a long time. It is nothing of the sort: it is simple, straightforward melodrama of "no class," but fairly effective; and its reason for existence is to provide a "star" acting part for a leading lady. Miss Lena Ashwell is the star, and I am sorry to see her leave her pretty playhouse, where she gave real



AUTHOR OF "MADAME X":
M. A. BISSON.

M. Bisson's play, "Madame X," was produced at the Globe Theatre (late the Hicks) on Wednesday, September 1st.

Photograph by H. Manuel.



THE NEW SADIE ADAMS; MISS RUTH BOWER.

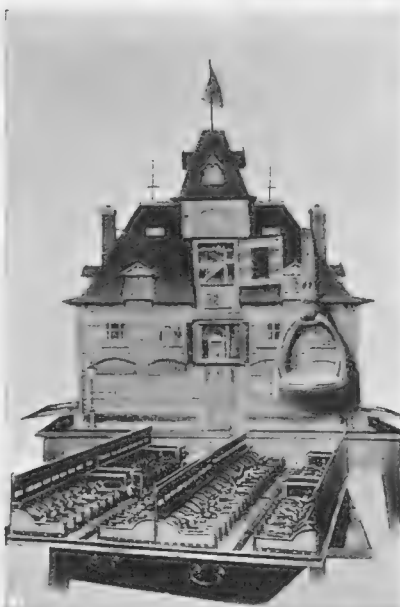
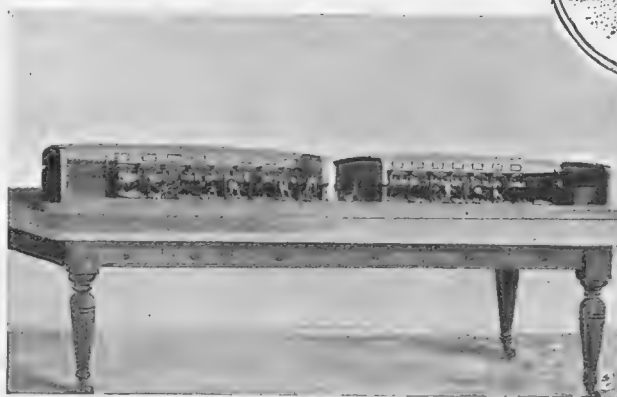
Who is playing Miss Evelyn D'Alroy's part, that of Sadie Adams, in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's play, "The Fires of Fate," which has now been transferred from the Haymarket to the Lyric.—[Photograph by Elite, Ltd.]

by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who is quite at her best. Most of the acting is excellent, though all is too slow. In particular, Messrs. Lyn Harding, C. M. Lowne, and Eric Maturin should be mentioned, and also Miss Kate Serjeantson, Miss Rosalie Toller, and Miss Ruth Maitland.

The Pintero Play. Serious discussion of "Mid-Channel" may be held over till next week. In the meantime, it should be said that the new work is intensely interesting. No doubt it is painful and the picture of life is brutal, but that may be forgiven on account of the power shown by the author. We are all wondering why the people were so vulgar and asking this and that question; but we believe that the dramatist can answer the questions—yet probably will not. In the case of most plays, alas! the questions we raise are unanswerable. All the world will have to see "Mid-Channel" and the pitiful history of Zoe Blundell, who really had some good in her and is vividly presented

A CHILD'S GAME TAKEN AU GRAND SÉRIEUX:

THE RACING PLOMB CLUB AND ITS ELABORATE RACE MEETINGS.



1. THE JUDGE'S BOX AND AN OBSTACLE. 2. A MEMBER'S RACING STABLE WHICH IS AN ACCURATE MODEL OF THE CONDE STABLES AT CHANTILLY.

3. A LILLIPUTIAN STEEPLECHASE OF THE RACING PLOMB CLUB. 4. A SUCCESSFUL OWNER'S RACING STABLES AND A TRAINER'S RESIDENCE IN WHICH ELECTRIC LIGHT AND A LIFT HAVE BEEN INSTALLED. 5. THE START OF THE GRAND PRIX OF THE RACING PLOMB CLUB.

6. A RACE MEETING OF THE RACING PLOMB CLUB ATTENDED BY MANY WELL-KNOWN PARISIANS.

At first sight it seems absurd that the childish game of steeplechase should attract the artistic and literary circles of Paris, but it is a fact that several clubs whose members bear well-known names have been formed to hold regular race-meetings on a dining-room table. As an instance how seriously many of the members regard this sport, it may be mentioned some members go so far as to bandage the legs of the horses to keep them in condition. A description of the means by which the Racing Plomb Club and the Pur Plomb Club have rendered this turf on the table so absorbing will be found on another page.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Safe Bind, Safe Find? The financial losses which have caused the suicide of the native ex-Sheriff of Bombay may make the natives anxious to return to the ways of their fathers when they have money to burn. The great chiefs before going to war buried their treasure. They buried it in the hills and in the forts with which the hills abound. Then they went forth to war, having first posted sentinels. The sentinels were not of the mighty or reputable; they were the poorest and most ignorant. That is where Oriental philosophy scored. The poor natives, if they had no use for wealth, if they desired it, certainly had not the courage to take advantage of it. So chiefs died fighting, and the gold and jewels remained buried, and the secret died with the keepers. To-day there are millions lying snug in the unsunned caverns and crumbling masonry of hill and fort wherever the sword has been drawn in India.

A Paxton Story. We see instances in the West of confidential relations of this sort between representatives of different social castes, notably in the career of Sir Joseph Paxton and that Duke of Devonshire whom he served. Paxton went one morning to the man who had given him the chance to make himself, and asked him for the loan of £20,000. The Duke had infinite faith in his erstwhile under-gardener, and took it quite as a matter of course that Paxton should be unable to tell him for what purpose he wanted the money. The Duke sat down there and then and wrote out a cheque for the sum asked. Paxton went immediately to the bank and cashed it. Next day that bank failed. On the following morning Paxton handed over the £20,000 to the Duke of Devonshire. He had had a private tip that the bank was trembling on the brink of ruin, and he knew that his patron had £20,000 in it. He was not at liberty to divulge the secret, so he borrowed the money, and was himself his benefactor's banker eight-and-forty hours.

Dear Sir, or Otherwise.

The puissant baronet who objects to being addressed as "Dear Sir" by people who should, as he thinks, deferentially begin their letters with "Sir Baronet," may be startled to learn that in this strange old world there are people who dislike even so ceremonious a style as the common one which he contemns. There was a good man and true, with a conscience, who wrote to another, "Dear Sir,—I am sorry to tell you that I have been acting a deceptive part. When I told you yesterday that I was quite well, I really had a headache. This has

ever since been on my conscience." Very good. But friends assailed the writer of this frank avowal: "How could you act so wrongly as to call Brown, 'Dear Sir,' thereby giving him the impression that you like him, when you dislike him extremely?" The victim of conscience reflected, and at last he wrote: "Brown, I am sorry to trouble you again, but I have been shown that, under the mask of friendship, I have been for the second time deceiving you. By calling you 'Dear Sir,' I may have led you to suppose that I liked you, which I never did and never can do. I am, Brown, yours etc." Now, Sir Baronet.

Bread Upon the Waters. The *Times* has shocked us all again with one

more story of British ineptitude abroad. The Americans are wiping us off the railway map of China. Perhaps we ought to go a little farther back than the *Times* has looked for the genesis of this American success. On Sept. 7, 1901, the United States were awarded, roughly, £5,000,000 indemnity by China, on account of the Boxer outrages, the sum to be paid in forty years with 4 per cent. interest. During the next six years China paid America £1,000,000. At the end of that time Mr. Root said, "Pay us another £1,600,000, and we will forgive you the rest; that will make £2,600,000, which will cover our loss with interest." That means a gift to China, counting capital and interest, of £11,000,000. The Chinese cannot fail favourably to contrast American action with that of other Western nations. Americans knew that they were sowing for a bountiful harvest, and perhaps their railway advantages are only the first-fruits.

Coming Home to Roost.

Elaborate precautions have been taken to safeguard us in this country against cholera, which is causing such alarm on the Continent. It is just possible that one source of danger has been overlooked. A couple of years ago, a normally healthy town in the Home Counties was ravaged by typhoid and scarlet fever. The drains were overhauled and found to be sound, and nobody could account for the visitation. After much speculation and inquiry, a leading authority was sent down from London. He made a thorough investigation, and his solution would have done credit to the

imagination of a Poe or Dumas. He found that the disease was introduced and disseminated by pigeons! They had brought the evil from afar and distributed it right and left in the town in which their lofts were stationed.



WORTHY OF A D.S.O.: A MULE THAT HAS SEEN MORE ACTIVE SERVICE THAN MANY A GENERAL.

This mule is the regimental pet of No. 3 Mountain Battery, R.G.A., at Kandahar. It is over thirty-four years old. It has taken part in: The Afghan War, 1879-80; Kabul to Kandahar; Battle of Saidabad and Battle of Kandahar, 1879-80; Zhob Valley, 1884; Burma, 1886-87; Sikkim, 1888; Miranzai, 1891; Isazai, 1892; Relief of Chitral, 1895; Tirah Expedition, 1897-98; for many of which campaigns it holds medals and clasps.

Photograph by Baljee and Co.

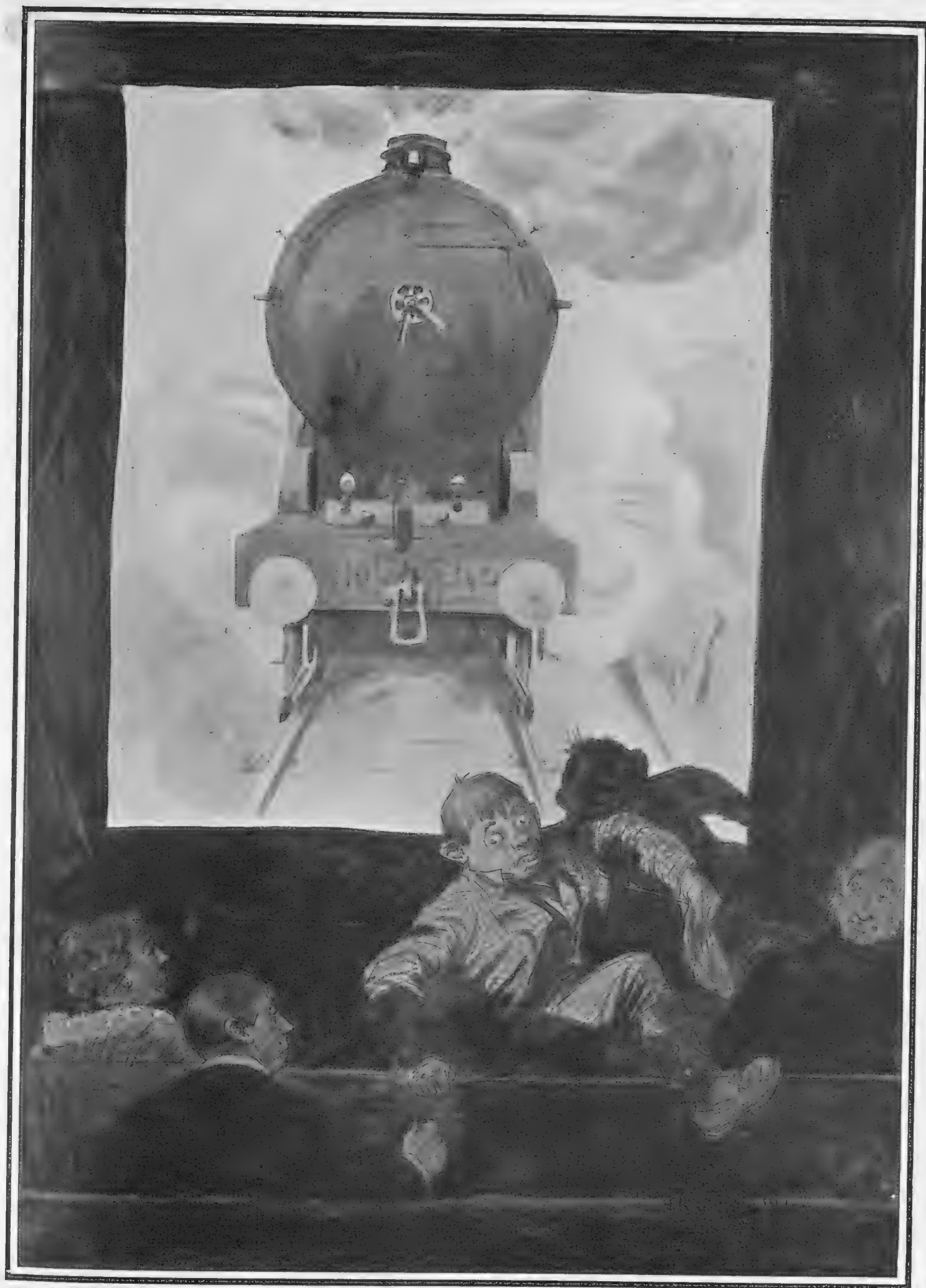


VERY LIKE A PAINTER'S BRUSHWORK: A JAPANESE METHOD OF COIFFURE.

The marvellously delicate results of this Japanese method of hairdressing almost entitle it to rank among the fine arts. It is a kind of coiffure which must require a very still atmosphere, and no rough handling, in order to retain the minute regularity of its tracery. It would hardly do for a windy day or for purposes of flirtation.

Photograph by Inao Kikutsu.

A SIGNAL MISUNDERSTANDING.



YOKEL (at cinematograph show): Wull, I be off. I didn't pay two bob to be run over.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



"A Hot Time in Town" That Night.

on this page. Few, however, can exceed in intensity an experience of Miss Maggie Neill, who is playing at the Comedy Theatre. It happened when she was out in Australia, where, on one occasion, she was engaged to recite at a concert in Gippsland. The hall was thirty miles away from the railway station, and it was arranged that they should stay the night at a farmhouse which lay between it and the place of entertainment. On returning home they noticed in the distance that a bush-fire was raging. No one, however, seemed to think it was coming that way, so, after supper, everybody went to bed. The fire spread with terrible rapidity, and in an hour the household was awakened to face the fact that they were almost surrounded by a ring of flame. The horses and cattle had taken fright, and were screaming with fear, while some had already been burnt to death. The farm hands were summoned to beat down the flames, while the farmers for miles round rode to the assistance of their neighbours, who were thus, literally, hotly beset. For hours the fire lasted, and Miss Neill and her friends, with the women of the farmhouse, had to make buckets of tea to take to the men, who were working, in reality, as if their lives depended on it. As the women were overcome by the heat, they were sent down, at intervals, into a cellar under the house to recover, in order that they might relieve others in making tea. After some hours of work, the fire was eventually got under, but it was five days before Miss Neill and her comrades could get away to town again. By that time, the water used for drinking purposes was black with smoke, and scarcely any of the food was good. Driving to the station, the actors suffered terribly from the heat, and they passed under trees which were still burning.

Without the Strawberry-Mark.

For a mother to recognise her "long-lost child" by the strawberry-mark on the left shoulder is a familiar scene in melodrama. Such a situation is rare, however, in real life. Something of the kind happened, nevertheless, once to Miss Kate Anderson, whose performances during the Moody-Manners Opera season have undoubtedly enhanced her reputation. Miss Anderson was singing at a concert in Bolton on one occasion, when an elderly woman managed to make her way into the artiste's room. With a cry of delight she rushed at Miss Anderson, threw her arms around her neck, and cried aloud that at last she had found the daughter she had lost! The

cynical observer who heard her beseeching her "lost daughter" to help her to get on to the operatic stage might have been pardoned for believing that it was nothing but a clever ruse on the part of some stage-struck woman for obtaining an introduction which might have served her purpose. Eventually, however, it was discovered that the unfortunate woman had suddenly gone mad.



SIR ARTHUR PINERO,

Whose new play, "Mid-Channel," was produced at the St. James's last Thursday.
Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



MR. PAUL RUBENS,

Author of "Dear Little Denmark," which opened at the Prince of Wales's last Wednesday.

Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.



M. FRANÇOIS DE CROISSET,

Joint Author, with M. Maurice Leblanc, of "Arsène Lupin," the new piece at the Duke of York's.—*Photograph by Berger.*



MR. HENRY HAMILTON,

Who collaborated with Mr. Cecil Raleigh in the new Drury Lane drama, "The Whip," to be produced To-morrow.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



MR. CECIL RALEIGH,

Who collaborated with Mr. Henry Hamilton in "The Whip," the new drama to be produced at Drury Lane To-morrow.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



MR. COSMO HAMILTON,

Joint Author, with his Wife (Miss Beryl Faber), of "A Sense of Humour," at the Playhouse.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY,

Whose new romantic play, "The Proud Prince," opened the Autumn Season at the Lyceum on Saturday.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

A Child Prodigy. Miss Anderson is one of the four singers—among them being Mme. Clara Butt—who have won the medal of the Worshipful Company of Musicians, which is competed for, successively, by the students of the Guildhall, the Academy of Music, and the Royal College of Music, and is generally taken by an instrumentalist. In that capacity Miss Anderson might have taken it, for, as a child, she

was generally known throughout the provinces as "the Little Marvel Violinist." Even at that time she used to sing in public; and once, when she went to a concert and found that she had inadvertently left her violin behind her, she contributed songs to the programme, to the great delight of the audience. The change in her career came when she won a scholarship at the Royal College of Music, and her teacher, Signor Visetti, told her that there was more money in her throat than in her fingers.

A Naval Promotion. What a delightful article might be written on the compliments received by actors. A distinctly humorous one was paid to Mr. Lionel Atwill, who is now playing on tour the double part originally created by Mr. Matheson Lang in "The Prisoner of the Bastille." He was acting Mr. Cyril Maude's part in "The Flag Lieutenant" on tour, when one evening a sailor who had previously been in front at a big official performance at Plymouth, when the Service had been well represented, went round to the actor's room, and, getting an interview, said that he was not only a sailor, but that he wrote stories and plays as well. Mr. Atwill recalled the fact that the play in which he had been acting had for one of its authors a brilliant member of the Service. That led the visitor to speak of the play, and, not unnaturally, he referred to the actor's performance. "You tread the quarterdeck," he said enthusiastically, "as well as any officer in the Service, and I'd like to write you a part." "What would you cast me for?" asked Mr.

Atwill. "An Admiral at least," replied the man, "and you'd look it." He gave the salute and disappeared. In his eyes, at least, Mr. Atwill probably played that evening as he had never played before.

ONE NEVER KNOWS!



ISAACSTEIN: Vell, mine nose vos some good after all, ain'd it?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Back Again.

I am just back from my travels, reader, and find you waiting for me, as it were. That is so nice of you. I am delighted to begin talking to you at once. I am obliged to, anyhow, whether or no. Yet it is sad to have finished a pleasant expedition, and it would be natural if I wrote a little despondently about books, and the round of writing and criticising them. You also, perchance, are just back from a holiday, though as I saw *The Sketch* a very long way off, you may be reading this in the middle of yours. In any case, let us be genial and gay. What shall we talk about?

Death-bed Books.

Death-bed Books. I am sorry, but that is the first topic I must deal with. For I find on my table a book I read and intended to write about before I went away, and must get off my conscience; and the book in question is a cheerful work called "The Last Days of Charles II.," by Raymond Crawford, M.A., M.D. (Oxon.), F.R.C.P. (the Clarendon Press). Dr. Crawford's imposing letters after his name are quite properly added, because his theme is chiefly medical, and it is well to know that he is an authority on that science. That does not prevent him from writing well and attractively about the more generally human aspect. My own interest in the book was aroused merely because it was about Charles II.—an old subject of my own, and one of the few I may profess really to know. But now that I come to think of it, there might be several books, or a book with several sections, dealing with the deaths of historical personages from a modern expert medical point of view. Of old, when an historical personage died in his bed, there were generally two explanations put forward—one, the orthodox medical view, which is pretty certain to have been wrong; and the other that he had been poisoned, a view advanced to discredit somebody else. Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans, was commonly said to have been poisoned: it is now established that she died of peritonitis. In the case of Charles, apoplexy and fever were rather vaguely and hedgingly alleged by the physicians, and the Whigs said later that he had been poisoned by James—not that they believed the quite preposterous lie, but because they hoped it would somehow stick, just as they put forward the impossible "warming-pan" story about the birth of that unfortunate King's heir. Now comes Dr. Crawford and establishes that Charles died of a kidney-disease. No doubt there are many other mistaken diagnoses which ought to be put right. Was Clarence really drowned in Malmsey wine? Do not his symptoms point to jugular gastritis? (I don't guarantee my medical terms.) Did

lamprey-pie kill Henry? Does it not rather look like congestion of the articular perilepsy? I am sure a good fat book, or many such, might be written on this theme—books a little gruesome and depressing, perhaps, but extremely interesting.

Doctors of Old.

To return to this one about Charles, however. To my mind, the most impressive thing in it is the horrible tortures inflicted on their patients by the worthy practitioners of those days. Really, if I were suddenly taken back two

centuries and told that I was ill and a doctor had been sent for, I should commit suicide immediately. Henrietta, while the French doctors tortured her, said, with a touch of her brother's humour, that she supposed she must die in due form. Charles himself had a whole regiment of doctors practising on him for days, bleeding him and poulticing him. Every known ingredient of pharmacy was administered to him, down to purely and obviously superstitious nostrums—"powdered Goa-stone" and "the Oriental Bezoar-stone." Seeing that he bore all this, and the pain of the disease as well, with the beautiful patience recorded of him, one wonders that the stupid idea of him as merely a selfish voluptuary was not exploded long ago. The picture Dr. Crawford draws with the effectiveness of real simplicity is infinitely touching. There is the well-known apology for being so long a-dying. There is his request that he might see the sun rise for the last time, his loving farewell of his brother James, his message to his wife, "Alas! poor woman, she beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart." And then there is the dramatic episode of Father Hudleston, smuggled in by the



A SHORT LIFE AND A MERRY ONE.

THE MALE TRIPPER (*nervously*): Is anybody ever lost on these—er—pleasure-trips?

THE OLD SALT: Bless yer, no. There was three drowned last week, but all their bodies was recovered next tide.

DRAWN BY SIDDONS BISHOP.

back stairs, while the Anglican clergy were got out of the room. But over all there lowered sinisterly the swarm of doctors. They even insisted on bleeding the unfortunate Queen, when she broke down in her grief. Really, they were capable of anything, the doctors of those days. Another point which impresses one in reading the book is the entire lack of privacy in the state of a king at that time. Charles slept with two gentlemen of the bed-chamber actually in his bed-room—unfortunate devils they were, too, for he kept a dozen of his spaniels in the room, and any number of clocks, not necessarily keeping the same time. The whole book, in its vivid, sober record, detail by detail, of those few days, is wonderfully informing. Dr. Crawford has read everything there is to read on the subject, and incidentally tramples on Macaulay, who clearly had not. Well, I might perhaps have written of a more cheerful book to raise our spirits, but hardly a more curious one.

N. O. I.

IN BONNIE — AND UNCO' GUID — SCOTLAND.



THE GOLFER: I suppose you get a lot of practice in the winter time?

THE CADDY: Naw, we dinna. If it isna rainin' 'tis snawin', an' if 't isna rainin' or snawin' 'tis freezin', an' if 't isna rainin' or snawin' or freezin' 'tis the Sawbath, and it's fair sickening.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A SUMMER SHOWER.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

"THE sky," said the Major, with a profound meteorological air, "is cloudless—quite cloudless. A most unusual thing," he added, "for July."

The remark did not seem to call for contradiction, and the girl by his side remained silent, prodding the gravel at her feet thoughtfully with the ferrule of her parasol.

The Major coughed. "I agree with you," he said, regarding her out of the corner of his eye. "The position requires a little straightening out. . . . Let me see. Archibald is twenty-two, isn't he?"

"Twenty-three," corrected the girl.

"Ah, is that so? What an age—*what* an age!" sighed the Major. "Now, I am forty-one—"

"Forty-two," corrected the girl again, with grave precision.

The Major started. "Really," he said, frowning, "I believe you are right; indeed, now I come to think of it, you *are* right. . . . I had forgotten for the moment that a whole year had passed since I last saw you at the Bombay Races."

"When your colt won," put in the girl.

The Major nodded. "Yes," he said. "But I wasn't thinking of that . . ."

"And you stopped the runaway horse," said she, her eyes glistening. "Do you remember? Mrs. Fanshawe's dogcart? She would have been killed in another two minutes if you hadn't . . . and all the other men seemed suddenly to have lost their nerve . . . it was splendidly done!"

"No," said the Major, flushing slowly, "I—I don't remember that . . . it—it's not worth remembering. . . . I was thinking of something else."

"Something else?" echoed the girl in surprise. "What?"

"Of you," said the Major, gazing out across the sea, which stretched away below them. "You in your pretty muslin frock, with the red roses at your belt. . . . A year ago, was it? Lord, how the time goes!"

"It generally does," she admitted. "But I can't imagine why, with all those other interesting things to think about, you should suddenly have pitched upon—upon—those red roses."

"It is odd," agreed the Major simply. The girl made a little face. "And odder still," he went on, unobtrusively, "that we should be sitting talking here together a year later, on a quiet seat by the sea, just as if—if nothing had happened in the meanwhile."

"Things always happen—in the meanwhile," observed his companion resignedly. "The only difference being that sometimes they are important things, and sometimes they are not."

"I suppose," hazarded the Major timidly, "you would call *this* one of the 'important things,' wouldn't you?"

"Which?" she inquired, looking up at him with grave candour.

The Major cleared his throat.

"Archibald," he said, staring at a distant steamer.

"Well, I suppose he *is* an 'important thing,' she remarked consideringly; "at any rate, in his own estimation. It's very strange that you should turn out to be his guardian, isn't it?"

"A most extraordinary coincidence," acquiesced the Major with emphasis, and his eyes wandered slowly from the distant steamer to the face of the girl beside him. He was wondering a little bitterly why, from among all the girls in London, Fate should have chosen to fling that young scapegrace Archie across the path of this particular one . . . yes, it was a coincidence certainly. "By the terms of his father's will," he explained after an instant's pause, "Archibald is precluded from marrying any lady before he is twenty-five without my consent."

"Yes? And supposing he *did* marry without your consent—what then?"

"He would forfeit about two thousand a year."

"O-oh!" she shuddered, "what a dreadful price to pay for a—*a mere wife!*"

The Major frowned. "It depends on the wife," he said.

"No man would consent to pay such a price!" she announced with decision.

"Pardon me," corrected the Major, "some, I think, would—gladly."

She gave a little incredulous tilt to her nose. "Would you?" she challenged him.

The Major's eyes wandered back to the steamer. "Yes," he answered slowly, "if it were necessary, and if I thought the—girl *cared*."

"Well—Mr. Archibald Clavering *wouldn't!*" she informed him with finality. The Major regarded her a shade deprecatingly.

"I think you do Archibald an injustice there," he ventured. "I feel sure he would not hesitate in the matter."

"So do I," she agreed. "He wouldn't hesitate for a moment! He's much too sensible a young man!"

"But," protested the Major in astonishment, "you surely do not imply that he would dream of—of giving you up for the sake of a paltry thousand or so a year?"

"No," she answered meditatively, "I shouldn't like to imply that. I don't think he *would* dream of it." The Major nodded approvingly at the steamer. "It's only men of action," she added, glancing at him sideways, "who can afford to indulge in such—such *dreams!*"

The steamer momentarily lost all interest for the Major, as he withdrew his eyes from it and suddenly met hers fixed upon his face. This unexpected collision embarrassed them both; the girl blushed, while the Major hastily coughed and looked away.

"Frankly, I don't quite understand you," he stammered.

"Oh . . . frankly, then," she laughed, "Mr. Archibald Clavering is not sufficiently a man of action, I think, to have quite lost all sense of the value of money."

The Major appeared to detect in this remark some cryptic disparagement of his ward which eluded clear definition; a slightly troubled look crept into his bronzed face.

"Archibald is a very decent, manly young fellow," he replied in a tone of vague vindication. "Why, his father was the finest officer in the regiment—he was in command before I got my company—yet he—he honoured me with his close friendship till he died. With such a father"—the Major waxed enthusiastic—"Archibald could not fail to be one of the best; a little wild, perhaps," he added conscientiously, recalling certain 'Varsity achievements of Mr. Clavering's which had accidentally come to his knowledge, "but—boys will be boys, you know! . . . And his father was the finest officer that ever commanded a regiment," he reiterated, seeking to strengthen his argument by this one incontestable fact.

"Perhaps," mused the girl, "he took after his *mother?*"

"Not a bit!" said the Major heartily. "Mrs. Clavering was a charming, amiable woman, but a little inclined to, er, to—social frivolities, I fear . . ."

"Flirting?" inquired his companion calmly. The Major looked shocked.

"Well—er—no—not as bad as that—only a trifle fond of gaiety and attention, you know . . . Women in India are so—so dependent on that sort of thing." In spite of himself, the Major's tone was apologetic. The girl smiled. "They say it's the climate," she suggested.

"Undoubtedly," said the Major, much relieved, "that has a good deal to do with it . . . ahem! Talking of climate, has it ever struck you how remarkably uncertain the English climate sometimes is? One notices it more, of course, coming from the East; but it seems to me that one positively cannot rely with certainty upon the weather holding fine for more than a week or so at a time."

"Yes," said the girl absently. "It must have been his mother."

"Eh?" said the Major. "His mother? His—I'm afraid I misunderstood you—"

"That explains it," she observed, in a tone of satisfaction. "Don't you see? He took after his mother—not his father, at all."

"Oh," said the Major, a little bewildered, "did he?"

"Of course. And that would naturally account for his disinclination to give up two thousand a year."

"Naturally," agreed the Major, gazing at her blankly. "But—pardon me . . . I'm afraid I'm rather dense—what has that got to do with the case?"

[Continued overleaf.]

A FAST COLOUR.



THE CUSTOMER: Can you recommend these complexion powders?

THE CHEMIST: Well, Madam, I can't say that they will wash like the natural complexion, but they won't rub off on a coat-sleeve!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

"Everything!" she retorted impatiently. "The case is, that he won't give up his money in order to marry me—or any other girl."

The Major drew a deep breath. "Why should he?" he asked slowly.

"Why—well! Didn't you say just now that he *ought* to?"

"If necessary," emended the Major, looking out to sea.

"And it *is* necessary," she said, tapping her foot, "since he cannot marry without your consent."

"I still fail to see the necessity," he answered doggedly.

"You fail to . . ." She turned and regarded him in genuine surprise, but the Major stubbornly averted his gaze. "Do you really mean to say that you would give him your permission to marry *me*?" she demanded, with freezing deliberation.

"There is no other girl in the world," said the Major a little huskily, "whom a young man could be prouder—or luckier—to call his wife."

She bit her lip. "I have no particular ambition to satisfy the pride of a young man," she declared. "And besides, that isn't what I meant. . . . Let—let us talk about something else, please."

"But," objected the Major, in some perplexity, for the moods of a beautiful girl seemed more incomprehensible to him than even the latest Army Regulations, "that is what I have come here to talk about. I wanted to see you, and—and tell you how pleased I am—"

"Pleased?" she flashed, turning upon him a pair of indignant eyes. "*Pleased* at the idea of my marrying Mr. Clavering?"

"Of course," assented the Major dolefully. "Pleased, that is, to give you my permission."

"Thanks," said the girl, tossing her head; "though I was not aware that I had asked you for it."

"A—mere formality, you know," he hastened to explain.

"Under the circumstances, you had no *right* to give it," she supplemented in a tone of frigid rebuke.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the Major. "Why not? Has—has anything happened?"

"Yes; things are always happening, as I told you before. And—and people sometimes change their minds."

"You amaze me!" said the Major, in genuine astonishment. "People . . .! What people?"

The girl looked up suddenly. "Oh," she cried, "it's going to rain! I felt a drop—and I've no umbrella."

The Major glanced round him uneasily. The sky had certainly darkened, and a shower seemed imminent.

"There's a little shed over there," he suggested. "Perhaps—if you don't mind . . . shall we take shelter in it?"

She nodded consent, and by the time they had reached the shed, which proved to be a mere projection of wood set at the foot of the ascending bank, the rain was falling fast. Under the slope of this impromptu roof, there was barely room for the two of them to shelter; but the Major placed himself a little in front of his companion in order to shield her from the encroaching rain-drops, experiencing a mild thrill of satisfaction in the consciousness that he could at least perform this slight service for her. The girl gazed out at the rain for a few moments in silence; then she said—

"Mr. Archibald Clavering, for one."

The Major started; he had almost forgotten Archibald in the newer sensation of this close protective proximity to the girl. "Eh?" he exclaimed. "I beg your pardon—Archibald, did you say?"

"For one. And, perhaps . . . me . . . for another," she added thoughtfully, though with some disregard for grammar.

"You?" repeated the Major, more bewildered than ever.

The girl nodded corroboration. "Have you seen him since your return?" she asked. "I mean Archibald—Mr. Clavering?"

"No," said the Major, still striving to follow the mazes of her mind. "I haven't. He started on a yachting cruise last week with some friends—just before I landed. So I came straight down here to see you instead."

"It was very good of you," she acknowledged demurely.

"I felt it to be my duty," said the Major resolutely. "I knew you would be anxious."

"And that was your *only* reason for hurrying down?"

The Major felt her eyes on the nape of his neck, and cleared his throat awkwardly. "It was, of course, a—a great pleasure to see you again," he prevaricated. A little smile of triumph crept round the corners of the girl's mouth.

"You mean it reminded you of the—the jolly times we had at the Bombay Races?" she demanded.

"Yes," said the Major slowly.

His companion sighed. "It was odd my meeting Mr. Clavering when I got back to London, and not knowing that he and you knew each other till ever so long after, wasn't it?"

"Yes," repeated the Major, without enthusiasm.

"It was only two months ago, too," she commented, as though this consideration added immense significance to the circumstance. "At Mrs. Cressingham's ball."

"So I gathered from his letter," the Major informed her.

"Yes, he said he would write and tell you all about it. . . I wonder if he did?" she reflected.

"He told me that he had met you, had proposed to you, and that you were a most charming girl," announced the Major, with conscientious accuracy.

"Did he—he say that I had—accepted him?"

"I think—ahem!"—the Major cleared his throat again—"that that was implied—provisionally."

"I told him," said the girl slowly, "to write to you—directly I learnt that you were his guardian, you know—and see what you had to say about it first. . . . He agreed."

"I received his letter," said the Major, "and replied that I should myself be home in a month, and would talk the matter over with him."

"In fact," said the girl, regarding him severely, "you procrastinated!"

The Major flushed guiltily. "I did not think a week or two would make much difference," he apologised.

"Yet it seems to have made a good deal," she pondered; "for, if you *had* seen him . . . The pause caught the Major on the tiptoe of expectation; the possibilities of an interrupted conditional clause are apt at times to stimulate the fancy of the most unimaginative listener, and the Major's conjectures demanded instant corroboration or denial.

"If I *had* seen him?" he pressed. "What difference could it have made if I had seen him?"

"Only this," explained the girl patiently: "that, if you had seen him, it wouldn't have been necessary for you to come down here to see *me*, don't you see?"

The Major's conjecture became more nebulous, as he shook his head slowly. "Why not?" he asked.

"Because," she answered, "Mr. Clavering could have told you himself."

"Told me! Told me what?"

The girl turned her head and deliberately regarded him for a few moments before replying; the Major, though absorbed in the consideration of a growing puddle at his feet, was nevertheless acutely conscious of her gaze.

"Why is it," she propounded at length, addressing his collar in a detached tone, "that the bravest men are nearly always the stupidest?"

The Major took the remark as a general proposition, and not in any way as applying to himself; but its apparent irrelevance puzzled him. "I don't know," he confessed lamely; adding, as a happy thought, "One of the pluckiest men I ever met was an awful duffer at his work."

"How very odd!" she said sweetly. "For one of the pluckiest men I ever met was also rather a—a duffer at his—his work."

"Was he?" said the Major simply.

"Yes," she went on, in a dreamy, reminiscent tone. "He was a man in the Army—the most popular man in his regiment, I'm told . . . and he saved a woman's life once at the risk of his own."

"By gad!" exclaimed the Major, glowing. "Did he? Good chap!"

The girl nodded. "And another woman saw it and fell in love with him . . . I think . . . on the spot. But she didn't see him again for some time, and meanwhile she met a young man who thought he would like to marry her; and she told him first to write to his guardian in India, who happened to be the man she . . . she was in—well, you know!—and so he did. It was just a little foolish joke of the girl's, for she had no intention of marrying the young man, and told him so a week later. He laughed, and went off on a yachting cruise—with another girl. . . ." A slow flush rose to the Major's face. "Stop!" he broke in hoarsely. "What do you mean? For God's sake—what do you mean?"

"I mean," she said, looking down, "that *I* was the woman who saw the man save the other woman's life—at the Bombay Races."

There was just an instant's silence. Then the Major turned and caught her wrist almost fiercely.

"Don't jest with me!" he cried. "Is this true? I love you too deeply to be trifled with—God! I believe I should kill you if you fooled me!"

She made no effort to release herself from his grasp.

"I believe you would!" she said, meeting his blazing eyes steadily. "But—a girl does not 'fool' a brave man. . . . Yes," her lips parted in a shy smile, and she looked down. "It is true! . . ."

The shower had ceased and the sun shone, and the distant steamer was long out of sight; but the Major and the girl still stood, oblivious of these facts, in the little wooden shed, very close together.

"I think," she murmured, "we have managed to straighten things out a bit—at last—haven't we?" and she looked up at the Major's bronzed face, which wore quite a transfigured expression as he bent and kissed her. "And see," she added, after this operation was over, "it has actually stopped raining!"

"Why, so it has!" exclaimed the Major in surprise.

THE END.

SEPTEMBER LODGE - STARS OF THE STAGE.

(FROM THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" SERIES OF STAGE CELEBRITIES.)



1. MISS ETHEL IRVING, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE GARRICK IN MR. ALFRED SUTRO'S NEW PIECE, "MAKING A GENTLEMAN."
3. MISS LENA ASHWELL, WHO IS PLAYING JACQUELINE FLEURIOT IN "MADAME X," AT THE GLOBE.

2. MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH, WHO IS STILL PLAYING HAMILTON PREEDY IN THAT POPULAR PIECE, "MR. PREEDY AND THE COUNTESS," AT THE CRITERION.
4. MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, WHO IS APPEARING IN SIR ARTHUR PINERO'S NEW PIECE, "MID-CHANNEL," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

By courtesy of the "Illustrated London News" we are enabled to reproduce four of the drawings of theatrical celebrities by Mr. Frank Haviland, which are a popular feature of that paper. Three of the four "stars" selected are appearing, or about to appear, in new pieces of the opening autumn season. Thus, Miss Ethel Irving may be seen at the Garrick, in "Making a Gentleman," Miss Lena Ashwell at the Globe (formerly the Hicks) in "Mademoiselle X," and Miss Irene Vanbrugh at the St. James's in "Mid-Channel."

Mr. Weedon Grossmith is still delighting the playgoing public as Mr. Preedy at the Criterion.

DRAWINGS BY FRANK HAVILAND.

A FREE TURN—I DON'T THINK:

MR. HARRY TATE ON HIS GREAT CANAL JOURNEY.



1. THE CAPTAIN (MR. HARRY TATE) AND SOME OF THE CREW OF THE GOOD SHIP "MIMIC."

2. MR. HARRY TATE MAKES A GOOD HAUL OF KIPPERS.

3. MR. HARRY TATE HOOTING THE HOOTER.

4. MORE KIPPERS.

5. ALL HANDS ON DECK! A COMMAND CARRIED OUT TOO LITERALLY.

Some time ago Mr. Harry Tate, the well-known comedian, made a trip on the steam launch "Mimic" from Liverpool to London by canal. His experiences on the journey gave himself and all beholders much amusement.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE Countess of Cardigan, who is publishing her Reminiscences this month, is a picturesque and stately survival of the Early Victorian era. As the lovely Miss Adeline de Horsey, she made much the same kind of sensation in the 'fifties as did Miss Margot Tennant in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties. She was a fine and even a reckless rider, she fenced well at a time when fencing had only masculine exponents, and she was a beautiful skirt-dancer. Lady Cardigan's first husband was the famous peer soldier who rode in the Charge of the Light Brigade. Her second was the Count de Lancastre, a Portuguese nobleman descended from John of Gaunt. Lady Cardigan, like so many of the women of her generation and rank, has remained intellectually as young and as vigorous as ever. She is interested in everything that is going on, as was shown by her contribution to the correspondence concerning the right age to marry. Her Reminiscences will probably rival in popularity and interest the two

volumes published by Lady Dorothy Nevill.

Society and the Red Cross.

Versatile Mr. Haldane can congratulate himself on the amazing success of his scheme for enlisting the interest of smart ladies in the Territorial Army. Society, headed by the Duchesses, has eagerly taken up the new Red Cross

TO TACKLE THE SPRINGBOKS ON THEIR OWN GROUND: MR. H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER, TO CAPTAIN THE ENGLISH TEAM IN SOUTH AFRICA. Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower has had a great deal of experience in captaining a team. He was captain of Lords (the Winchester College Cricket Eleven), the Dark Blues, and the Surrey County team. No better leader could have been chosen to oppose the South African teams.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

scheme. Naturally, those counties whose sea-frontage might conceivably be open to an invasion are expected to show themselves exceptionally active, and the Duchess of Norfolk has already started a practical organisation in Sussex, with beautiful Arundel Castle as mainspring of action. The ideal, of course, would be that every leisured woman should be able, at a moment's notice, to turn herself into an Army nurse, and what may be called "skeleton field hospitals" are being created, quietly and swiftly, all over the country. It is significant that no uniform will be provided, but each member has a right to wear a broad white band on the arm, with, of course, a red cross worked or appliquéd on to the material. Each member will have to qualify for a First Aid Certificate.

The Chancellor's New Ally.

Professor J. H. Poynting is doing a pretty thing for us. He was due to lecture at Winnipeg before the British Association on "The Pressure of Light," and, depend upon it, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have a full report of the speech before him in view of his next Budget. Mr. Lloyd-George

has taxed our cars, he has taxed our petrol, and now he will want to weigh the rays which our headlights cast, and express the result in an impost upon the beams we follow when driving at night. The whole weight of light which the earth receives, Professor Poynting tells us, comes to but 70,000 tons, and its effect is chiefly important in relation to the solar system. It enables the sun to chew up the tails of all incautious comets, and possibly invests Saturn with his rings; but when you bring the sum home to the car of light and leading then it is quite another matter. Radium is of negligible bulk, but it is the dearest thing in the world. The time is coming when every country constable will carry not only the dreaded stop-watch, but a spring-balance to weigh and tax the lighted fumes into which the worried motorist converts his sixpennyworth of carbide.

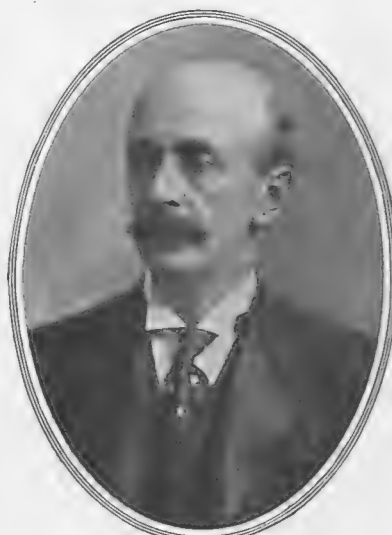


Photograph by Maull and Fox.

AUTHOR, COMPOSER, PAINTER, HUNTING-MAN, FISHERMAN, AMATEUR JOCKEY, PROMINENT OWNER OF GREYHOUNDS, ETC., ETC., AND NOW ACTOR AND ACTING-MANAGER: MR. HARDING COX, WHO PLAYS THE PART OF ROBERT ANTHONY MALKIN IN "THE PIN AND THE PUDDING," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE. Mr. Harding de Fonblanque Cox, F.Z.S., M.I.D., is responsible for the present season at the Comedy Theatre, where he takes the chief part in "The Pin and the Pudding." His son is also in the cast under his father's management.

Swinburnian.

Both Lord Amptill and his diplomatic brother have learned the conduct of affairs in good schools—the one as Mr. Chamberlain's private secretary, the other as Sir Edward Grey's. Lord Amptill made a speech the other day in the Upper House, and was not a little amused when, the next morning, he read the report of the sitting, to see how deeply he had fallen into the snare of alliteration. These were his words as they were reported: present-day Free Trade is a "cold, cruel, callous, cynical conception of Cobdenism."



EARL GREY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, WHO HAD A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH WHILE ON A SHOOTING EXPEDITION.

Earl Grey, while in chase of mountain goats in British Columbia, lost his way, and was missing for five and a half hours. He nearly fell over a precipice in the darkness before he was discovered by a search-party.

Photograph by Lafayette.

reported: present-day Free Trade is a "cold, cruel, callous, cynical conception of Cobdenism."

Flutterings.

Mr. Theo Russell, who was promoted to be Councillor at the English Embassy in Vienna while he was seeing a great deal of the King at Marienbad, is a brother of Lord Amptill, and a son of Odo Russell, the first baron. "Do you remember how much put out all the women were at the announcement of his engagement?" writes a lady who remembers the good-looks and good-manners of Odo Russell in Rome, and later at the English Embassy in Berlin. Mr. Russell is also good-looking and good-mannered, and unmarried. May he leave his bachelorhood behind him amid the same flattering consternation!

"What Was His Other Name?" Lady Dorothy Onslow was one of the sponsors for the new Guinness

baby. Baptisms are holding their own for the moment, Miss Diana Churchill having set a fashion. Chatsworth has its infant, and the Hon. L. Tollemache a boy who may well hold his breath while he receives his baptismal names. His father for long laboured under the title of Leo Quintus de Orellana Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache



A TELLING PART: Mlle. MIRVAL, OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, ON WHOSE HEAD AN EGG WAS BROKEN BY A CROSSBOW BOLT.

M. Falconer, an actor of the Comédie Française, has emulated William Tell, and has shot an egg on Mlle. Mirval's head with a crossbow. This was done at a benefit matinée in the grounds of the late Coquelin's home at Pont-aux-Dames.—[Photograph by Riard.]

KEY-NOTES

The Season at the Lyric.

Public and Press would seem to have combined to offer Mr. Charles Manners their best support in his short season of English opera at the Lyric Theatre. While it must be an easy task for most and a grateful task for many to point out the limitations and defects of a company that is on the road for the greater part of the year, and must sometimes wear its resources to breaking point, fair-minded people will be quick to admit that the season at the Lyric has been interesting, well handled, and notable for the production of the pretty little opera, "Maître Seiler," and the revival of Wagner's very early work, "Rienzi." Certain operas of which we are heartily tired have figured in the programme, but Mr. Manners probably knows their defects as well as anybody, and would set them aside if the public would allow him to do so. No operatic venture that is without subsidy can lead the way in any direction; it can but follow the van of progress at a respectful distance. To advance too rapidly is to court financial disaster.

"Rienzi." As was to be expected, Wagnerites have waxed exceeding wrath because "Rienzi" has been revived. They hold it an act of Vandalism—or, at best, very bad taste—to remind the world at large that the composer of "Tristan," and "Die Walküre" wrote "Rienzi," and assumed the mantle of Meyerbeer in order to do so. To be sure, "Rienzi" as an opera is almost as stilted as Lord Lytton's novel—a bombastic theme has found bombastic treatment; but then, Wagner's talent when he wrote the score was not original, it was derivative. Meyerbeer was the rather muddy fount of inspiration, and anybody can see that Meyerbeer, and not Wagner, should have set "Rienzi" to music. Let it be confessed that, while the music has no special merit, none but a clever man with intensely strong feeling for dramatic situations could have written it. "Rienzi" has far more merit, both musical and dramatic, than some of the florid Italian operas that still gain a hearing because they give prime donne opportunities for showing the full extent of their vocal range. Wagner was destined to leave his early work very far behind him; but, then, he is not the only composer of the Victorian era who had the same good fortune. The hand that wrote "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata" gave the world "Otello" and "Falstaff." One feels sure that the Recording Angel has forgotten all about the former operas, and regrets the incapacity of the public to follow the Recording Angel's example.

Messrs. Max Reger and Henry Hadley.

As novelty succeeds novelty at the Queen's Hall the listener is struck by the poverty of the melody on which skilled composers exercise their imagination. Mr. Max Reger calls his work "Variations and Fugue upon a Merry Theme"; Mr. Henry Hadley, of U.S.A., calls

his work a symphonic poem, founded upon Oscar Wilde's startling play "Salome." It may be suggested that had each composer elected to entitle his work "Much Ado About Nothing," there would have been few to quarrel with the description. Each work is strenuous, and smells abominably of the lamp. There is little more interest in either than one finds in a volume of sermons written by any dull, erudite doctor of divinity who flourished in the late eighteenth century, when a certain class of literature was apt to walk on stilts. Mr. Max Reger has not even invented the theme to which he prefixes the misleading title "Merry." He has taken as his text a melody by a German composer who died more than one hundred years ago. His variations and fugue are nothing more than a set of very clever exercises, worthy the skilled music-master. Mr. Henry Hadley's work merely suggests a

serious and skilful endeavour to express something that succeeds from start to finish in eluding him altogether.

Brighton's Festival. "London-by-the-Sea" is to hold another musical festival next year, and has chosen the opening days of February for the presentation of a singularly interesting programme. Eastbourne and Hastings are lending the service of their Choral Societies, and the Brighton Municipal Orchestra will be reinforced from London until its numbers are nearly doubled. Mr. Joseph Sainton, who has the Festival in charge, has

arranged to open with "Samson and Delilah," in which Mme. Kirkby Lunn and Mr. John Coates will probably fill the name-parts. Wagner will be represented by lengthy selections from "The Flying Dutchman" and "Die Meistersinger," and Verdi by his "Requiem." Among the smaller works to be given is Sir Charles Stanford's amusing "Ode to Discord," which caused so much amusement when it was given for the first time in London. It is to be hoped that the promoters of the Brighton Festival will meet with the success their arrangements deserve, for it is high time for the South of England to let the rest of England see that it is not lacking in musical enthusiasm or the willingness to support a good thing.

COMMON CHORD.



Photo. Lambert.

A WANDERING MINSTREL FROM THE ARISTOCRACY: A BEGGAR OF NOBLE BIRTH WITH A MASK TO PREVENT RECOGNITION.

Owing to the Russo-Japanese War many rich Japanese families were ruined, and some nobles were actually driven to beg for a living. Being ashamed of this trade, they wander from place to place with their faces carefully hidden by a curiously shaped mask; and to avoid the shame of receiving alms by hand, they hold out a Japanese fan, on which any gifts of money are placed.

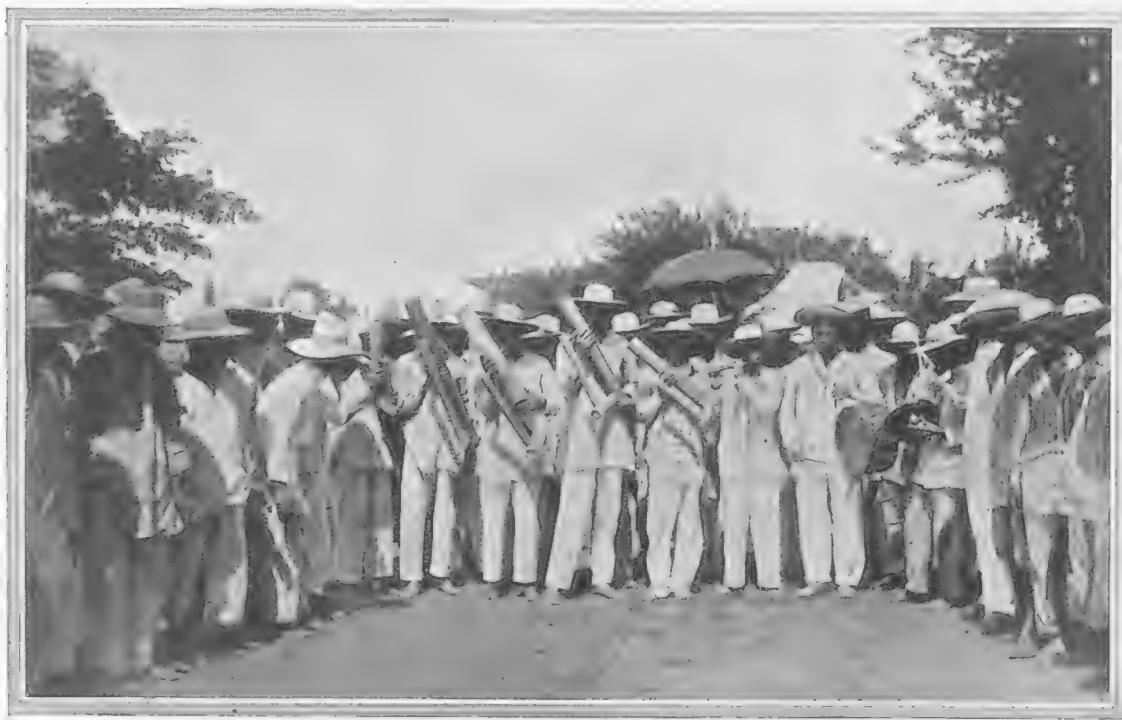


Photo. Mrs. Fred Snowden.

BAMBOO INSTEAD OF BRASS: A CURIOUS VILLAGE BAND IN THE PHILIPPINES WITH MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS MADE OF BAMBOO.

that the promoters of the Brighton Festival will meet with the success their arrangements deserve, for it is high time for the South of England to let the rest of England see that it is not lacking in musical enthusiasm or the willingness to support a good thing.



The Club, the Union, and the Bill!

The Development and Road Improvement Funds Bill, which was published last week, has much that calls for the attention of the motorist and his representative associations. In some wise, but not so definitely as could be desired, it sets out the manner in which the whole or a part of the £600,000 of which the motorist is to be milked is to be expended. Whatever position the Royal Automobile Club and the Motor Union may assume towards the clauses of the Bill generally, it is to be hoped that they will concentrate themselves in opposition to the proposed construction of new and special motor-roads, which are the last thing requisite or desirable. Also something quite definite should be elicited with regard to the constitution of the Road Board, which, I notice, is to be kept severely under the thumb of the Treasury.

The Road Board.

As motorists are to find the whole of this vast sum which is to be devoted to roads, they should be represented on this Board by practical motorists, who are known to enjoy the full confidence of the automobile world. The Club and the Union must see to it that place-hunters and notoriety-mongers are fended off. The one member of the Board should be a leading motorist, and not some unsympathetic supporter of the Government for whom a job is required. It would be interesting to know whether the gentlemen who were accepted as representing the Royal Automobile Club by Mr. Lloyd-George in the matter of the Budget proposals have been consulted with regard to this particular measure, and whether they are responsible for the proposals re special motor roads. That question ought to be asked, for the very last thing which the motorist would wish to see his money spent upon is special motor roads.

Improved, not New, Roads Required.

Special motor-roads are not necessary or desirable, for the reason that before many years are over our heads every road in the country will be a special motor-road, seeing that there will be practically no horse-drawn traffic to accommodate. The proceeds of the petrol and motor taxes should be first devoted to the improvement of the roads that at present intersect the country, and the renewal of old roads forming main lines of communication which have fallen into disuse since the lapse of coaching days. For instance, it is quite possible, by the expenditure of a comparatively small sum of money,

to make three main roads to Brighton, all equally good. Further, in view of the continual increase of motor traffic, the surfaces of all roads used by motors to any extent should be rendered dust- and water-proof, as so many of the roads in Kent and a few in Surrey and Sussex are to-day.

Comfort in Detail.

I think I lately referred to the objections advanced by Messrs. Michelin and Co. to the use of carbonic-acid gas for the inflation of inner tubes, chiefly for the reason that the diffusion of this gas through rubber is about ten times as rapid as that of air, and also, I think, because the carbonic acid is not the best thing in the world for rubber. Consequently, Messrs. Michelin charge their tyre-filling bottles with compressed air; and happening to be present the other day when a tyre needed inflation, on a car upon which a Michelin air-bottle was carried, I was amazed to note the thought which has gone to the parts of this equipment. In the first place, the bottle is a very handy size—2 ft. long by 4 in. diameter, so that it can be stowed neatly out of the way on the floor of the car. A sufficient length of flexible tube is provided to reach either of the wheels without moving the bottle, while at the union end of the tube a valve-pricker is attached by a short bit of chain. A foot or two away a pressure-gauge is introduced, so that the pressure in the tyre can be accurately noted. It is attention to little details of this kind that makes smooth the motorist's way before him.



GODMOTHER OF THE FAMOUS ANTOINETTE MONOPLANE; MME. ANTOINETTE GASTAMBIDE CONVERSING WITH MR. HUBERT LATHAM.

Photograph by Branger.

The Six-Cylinder 50-h.p. Darracq.

I was much impressed the other day by an inspection of a 50-h.p. six-cylinder Darracq which the world-famous house of that name are now putting upon the market for those who, in view of the heavy taxation, are looking about for a high-powered car at a moderate price. Having regard to the high prices which have been asked for six-cylinder chassis, it is remarkable to find one of this calibre marketed, with tyres, at £550. The cylinders are $4\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $4\frac{3}{4}$ in., and are fitted with both high-tension magneto and accumulator ignition. The change-speed gear gives four speeds forward and reverse, and a double universal joint occurs between the engine and gear-box. Another refinement is a spring drive fitted to the clutch—a very desirable adjunct with an engine of this power, and one that must make for particularly sweet propulsion. The above figure, then, brings a high-powered six-cylinder car within the reach of the reasonably wealthy.



MORE DANGEROUS THAN AN AVIATION MEETING: ONE OF THE ACCIDENTS DURING THE MOTOR-RACING ON THE NEW TRACK AT INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A. During the 300-mile race at Indianapolis, one of the racing-cars left the track and dashed into the space allotted to the spectators, with terrible results. Two of the onlookers and one of the occupants of the car were killed. Altogether during the meeting there were seven fatal accidents.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



St. Leger.

From the moment that Bayardo was rehabilitated in public favour, the race for the St. Leger, to be decided to-day, has been regarded as a match between the King's colt, Minoru, and Mr. Fairie's colt. There have been two large camps ever since the victories of the Manton horse at Ascot and Sandown, and there are now as many for the one as the other, though in the case of the followers of Minoru, I am inclined to think that hope forms a large part of their belief. Not so with the Newmarket horse-watchers, however. They are firm in their opinion, based on what they have seen Minoru do since Goodwood and his manner of doing it, that Bayardo will have to be absolutely top-hole

would welcome a chance of entering them in handicaps earlier on; and as handicaps are far more interesting events, affording as they do greater scope of possible success, they would strengthen the weak parts of certain programmes, and so attract greater attendances to the racecourses. Goodwood needs no bolstering-up socially, but two or three nurseries would make a wonderful difference to the racing there, and would, I am sure, be welcomed by everybody—owner, trainer, and public alike. There would be plenty of material for the handicapper to work on by the end of July, so that that objection would not stand. Let us have nursery handicaps by Goodwood time, and if the experiment did not prove a success—



AN EQUESTRIAN TURN: THE STEEPLECHASE ON BASKET-HORSES AT THE MUSIC-HALL SPORTS.

One of the most amusing events at the annual sports in aid of the Music Hall Benevolent Fund at Stamford Bridge last week was the 250-yards steeplechase on basket-horses. It was won by Wylie Watson.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

if the Derby running is to be reversed. One of them goes so far as to say that Minoru is such a free galloper that he expects him to "test Bayardo's courage." I thought the question of the stoutness of Mr. Fairie's colt had been settled. I don't think for a moment he possesses a soft spot. The only question in his case, to my way of thinking, was the possibility of a relapse in health that would have reproduced the spring Bayardo. Well, that possibility seems to have vanished. The Eclipse Stakes winner never went or looked better than he has done this last few days, and if he keeps well I am afraid that the King will not, after all, possess his second triple-crown winner. Of course we should all like to see Minoru follow in the footsteps of Diamond Jubilee, but I cannot get away from the great probability of Bayardo doing with Minoru what he did with Louviers and Valens—namely, reverse the form shown at Epsom. My final selection for the race will be found under the heading "Monday Tips."

Nurseries.

Now that the Nursery Handicap season is with us I would like once more to add my appeal to the others that have been heard on behalf of holding this type of race earlier in the season than September. Several times I have touched the subject, and this year there seems to be an increase in the number of adherents to the cause. I have striven very hard to discover why all the virtues of the nursery handicap should be considered to abide solely in the last three months of the season. And I have not yet, and I don't suppose that I ever shall, find out the reason. Many an owner with bad two-year-olds



HUMAN FLIP-FLAPS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: A COMIC EVENT AT THE MUSIC-HALL SPORTS.

The 40-yards Flip-Flap Race at the Music Hall Sports was won, appropriately, by Sam de Wynne. There were some 3000 spectators on the ground, and the prizes were given away by Miss Vesta Victoria.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

I should be vastly surprised if it failed—why, then no harm would be done, and we could revert to the old order of things.

The Forward Seat. Recent discussion has raised afresh the question of the merits or demerits of the old English style of riding as against the modern and world-wide style. I thought that everybody was agreed that the forward seat and short stirrups method was as far in front of the style that used to be in vogue as the starting-gate is in front of the flag system. He would be claiming too much who would say that the new styles are perfect, but I must confess myself surprised that R. Marsh and S. Darling prefer jockeys to ride races in the upright style, with long stirrups. One need not be so much surprised to find John Porter in agreement

with them, for the old Kingsclere trainer has laid it down as one of his articles of belief that there is not the length of a walking-stick between the best of jockeys and a stable-boy. No one has ever pretended that the adoption of the crouch-seat would make a jockey into a Sloan or a Maher, but I do claim that it has improved race-riding, and also claim that reckless riding cannot be laid at the door of that style. If



ANOTHER NEW GAME FOR WOMEN: VIGORO BEING PLAYED AT OLYMPIA.

Some male sportsmen have been complaining lately that women are a nuisance in most forms of sport. If that is so, the invention of new games which can be played entirely by women is much to be commended. The new game of Vigoro has been played at the Women's Exhibition at Olympia.—[Photograph by Graham Ellery and Co.]

there is virtue in the old style, how is it that our best jockey-masters never teach the boys to ride that way? Have Marsh and Darling forgotten what happened to the English jockeys who stuck to the upright seat? Success seldom came their way when pitted against the crouchers.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Curious Objects of the Seashore.

The idiosyncrasies of the sea-bather—especially on French shores—are many and wonderful. One wonders why persons who are perfectly well-bred (even fastidious) on dry land behave like hooligans directly they feel the waves around their necks. Why is kicking salt water into other people's mouths and eyes considered an irresistible form of humour? Why do mature citizens put on stripes at which they would faint with horror in Piccadilly or the Rue de la Paix, and appear in quite inadequate clothing? Why do French ladies of enormous bulk step into the sea and cling, limpet-like, to a rock for twenty minutes on end? Why do other female French citizens venture forth on the deep in rickety canoes which they do not know how to paddle, announcing, with many cries to Heaven, that if they upset they cannot swim? Why do Frenchwomen of all ages and sizes emit piercing squeals—as it were some strange sea-animal—all the time they are bobbing up and down in the surf? Is all this unusual behaviour to be attributed to a throw-back, a reversion to those remote protoplasmic in the sea from which the scientists tell us we are one and all descended? It is enough that a French *plage* is a diverting spectacle for the curious observer of manners, for a wet Gaul is a much more frolicsome specimen of humanity than a dry one, and will play his part in the sea with even more artistry than on the land.

"Come Unto These Yellow Sands."

In Brittany, this summer, has been invented a new open-air entertainment which might be elaborated, but could hardly be improved. A band of handsome young folk have taken daily possession of a green island set in a sapphire sea, and on a pale golden sandy beach, with picturesque outlying rocks, and the dancing waves for background, they play short scenes, in pantomime, from mythological lore. A bathing *maillot*, a towel deftly draped, a strap round the head, with some wild flowers from the cliff tucked behind one ear, make an artistic and sufficient costume. The auditorium is so situated that the actors enter from behind rocks, and sometimes step out of the sea; and thus we have seen Prometheus hurling rocks, Ariadne consoled by Dionysus, Perseus rescuing Andromeda from a terrible dragon, and the Young Eros bringing down his victims with bow-and-arrow. One wonders at the immense trouble and expense taken over pageants and masques in England when half-a-dozen young Britons on a foreign islet can achieve so exquisite a result with no costumes and no rehearsals at all.

Ubiquitous Woman.

It would seem as if all over the world (except in France, where women have always worked harder than any man) there was a sort of wave of new-born feminine enthusiasm for serious work. The spindle-side has, up to now, occupied itself in manifold ways, but it must be admitted that

they were more or less futile ones, at any rate among the middle and upper classes. Now the Russians seem to take naturally to science and medicine, the English to singing, acting, and shop-keeping, the Germans to teaching, the Swedes to calisthenics and medical massage, and the Americans to business. It is in the money-market that the American woman shows her chief ability, but she has also cornered a market in the dealing in stage-plays. I know a New England lady who began life as a lecturer on Greek literature and philosophy who is now an expert in copper-mining and the much-consulted "boss" of a New York business-office. In the Great Republic girls take to a business life if they feel disposed to it, and no one thinks it odd. In England our women-folk have taken up the military idea so enthusiastically that the land is now in imminent danger of being overrun by Army nurses, First Aids, ladies in peaked caps and gold lace who are prepared to ride on to the field of battle and pick up wounded, and by the new and redoubtable organisation of Girl Scouts. This latest outcome of feminine ambition has much to recommend it if it keeps the girls in the open air and teaches them to cook.

The Modern Boy and Girl.

The most casual onlooker at the Human Comedy must be struck by the behaviour of the modern boy and girl—young things in their teens and early twenties—towards each other. Sentiment has disappeared, and with it all tendencies to pay compliments, to make sacrifices, to play the devout lover. On the contrary, the strictly modern young people borrow each other's cigarettes and cravats, and frankly criticise each other's personal appearance, even occasionally come to fisticuffs—treat each other, in a word, exactly like young men are accustomed to treat each other. For it is obvious that the girls are not exercising as much influence on modern manners as do the boys. It is they who have abdicated, stepped down from their pedestal, and elected to take their chance on the plane of frank (and somewhat noisy) comradeship. Like the harassed hero of Mr. Bernard Shaw's newest comedy, the Modern Boy will only apply the epithet "Angels ever bright and fair" in an ironical sense to the hockey girls who can hit out with their right fist, who ride astride, and who can sail a yawl or drive a motor-car as well as he can himself. But it cannot be denied that the young girl of the twentieth century has a much more varied and amusing experience of men than her predecessor of the last generation, who was so immersed in sentiment and so avid of emotions as rarely to be able to perceive the true character of her masculine contemporaries. You have only to compare the young girl in "Fraternity" with Lily in "The Small House at Allington" to see the difference between the girls of the age of Trollope and those of Galsworthy. Yet there are still elderly gentlemen—chiefly Major-Generals—who prefer the Victorian ingénue.



A SATIN TEA-GOWN OF POMPEIAN BLUE, WITH A STOLE OF GOBELIN BLUE EDGED WITH GOLD THREAD.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-OUT-OF-TOWN.

Back to the World. After the Scotch season, going South again is like returning to the world after temporary retreat. When London papers only reach one the day after they are published, and the *Scotsman* makes a tardy afternoon appearance, the feeling that news is out of the question accounts for woman-kind's slight interest in them. Now that many are going South, fashion-papers are being eagerly scanned for the right things to buy for wearing at English country-house parties. Up here in the North fashion is regulated by necessity. It blows more or less every day, generally more. August has been as cold as October usually is, and winter clothes have been gratefully resorted to. As to hats, what would stick on best has been most popular. It appears, however, that, back in the world, attention will be speedily turned to smart panne and chiffon velours turbans, with aigrettes of every fanciful and expensive description. These are not the turbans of the simple Spanish type, but of the subtle Eastern forms simulated without the reckless generosity of material that an Oriental winds deftly into his head-gear.

Vastly Becoming. It is not to be supposed that we have only hear-say to guide us in the matter of the latest creations. Dress-baskets from London and Paris find their way far North. If the contents are chiefly for indoor wear, our pet modistes take care to send along some tempting hats. Even if we cannot wear them we can try them on, and think upon the time when we shall again take a walk down Bond Street or a stroll in the Bois. Lots of women are at Doncaster this week, and many have left here for the St. Leger. That they have not gone unprepared to ruffle it in the fashionable fray we can be quite sure. There has been a lot of trying-on lately, and we have unanimously arrived at the conclusion that autumn millinery is vastly becoming!

Hymeneal Prospects.

One of the stand-bys of the autumn season in town is a crop of fashionable weddings. We have now to look forward to that of the Hon. Edward Wood, only surviving son of Viscount and Viscountess Halifax, and Lady Dorothy Onslow, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Onslow. This is not to be in town, but at Clandon, near Guildford. Mr. Wood is very well off, having been left a fortune and a lovely old Jacobean place by his aunt, the late Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram. His grandfather was First Lord of the Admiralty and Lord Privy Seal. The bridegroom-elect is tall, good-looking, and clever. Viscount Grimston, only son of the Earl and Countess of Verulam, is to be married to Lady Violet Brabazon, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Meath, and this wedding is to take place in town, although it was to have been at Lord Meath's place in Co. Wicklow. Lord Grimston is an electrical engineer of great skill. He follows a family bent in a love for mechanics. His grandfather was a celebrated amateur clock-maker. Earl Annesley is to marry Miss Evelyn Miller Mundy. This is, I believe, also to be a town wedding, late in the autumn. The Earl is a fine amateur golfer, and seems not at all handicapped in his game by the loss of an eye, which was put out in a students' row at college. He is about twenty-five, and good-looking. His mother, who was Miss Markham, of Cufforth Hall, Yorkshire, died when he was seven. Later, his father married beautiful Miss Armitage Moore, a kinswoman of his own, who survives him, and has two young daughters. There are, besides, many other weddings, including that of Sir Arthur and Lady Bigge's daughter, to Mr. Adeane of the Coldstream Guards, which is, by kind permission of the King, to take place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the 21st.

The Northernmost House.

Times have changed since 1876, when the then Prince and Princess of Wales, the Dukes of Portland and Sutherland, Marie Countess of Caithness, and others drove out to John o' Groats from Thurso or Wick and saw the isolated house which is the furthest north dwelling-place in Britain. The place is not without charm. Its beach of minute portions of broken sea-shells is white as flour; the view of the Orkneys is fine, and the reminders of the Norseland ancestry of the peasantry are many. John de Groot was a Dutchman; several families of Grots in the district are doubtless his descendants. One motors up there now, and in years to come aeroplanes will doubtless land there for lunch and fly over to the Orkneys for tea. Caithness in that part is flat and uninteresting-looking. Its walls, composed of upstanding grey slates, make one think of a rifled churchyard. These tombstone-like slates are quarried in the district.

The Dukes of the North.

The Duke of Sutherland, who owns nine-tenths of the county of that name, and the Duke of Portland, who owns many thousands of acres in Caithness, are the best of friends, and have made several yachting cruises together. Their Duchesses are also on the friendliest terms. The Duke of Portland, with the Duchess and Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, have been up here for some time. The Duke of Sutherland arrived at Dunrobin Castle last week in his steam-yacht the "Catania," and the Duchess arrived next day in his Grace's private train at the private station just outside the Castle gates. The Duchess of Portland gave away the prizes at the Golf Tournament at Dornoch. Her Grace plays, but is not so good as

her daughter, who has a right good game, and quite a low handicap. They have not as yet played this season at Brora, probably because of the prevalence of very high winds; also the course has been given an undeservedly bad reputation this year, as a sand-storm swept over it in March. It is, however, quite playable, and is rapidly recovering itself.

A Tea-Gown.

On "Woman's Ways" page an illustration will be found of a garment necessary for country-house visiting. It is a tea-gown, wearable for a quiet home-dinner, of Pompeian-blue soft satin. The graceful trimming is of a stole of satin in dark Gobelin blue, edged with gold-thread embroidery.

H.M.S. *Bellerophon* is the title of a picture recently painted by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R.A., the distinguished marine artist. The stately battle-ship is shown emerging from Portsmouth Harbour into the cold greyness of a winter sea and sky. The picture has been reproduced in colours on special plate-paper suitable for framing, and is published by the proprietors of Player's Navy Cut. Copies may be obtained through any tobacconist at the nominal price of one shilling, or from John Player and Sons, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Nottingham.

Tips are not only a burdensome tax on the tipper: they are embarrassing to bestow and degrading to the recipient. But the practice of tipping dies hard, and there are restaurants where rules made against it have become a dead letter. The proprietors of the new Strand Palace Hotel are therefore worthy of all encouragement in their war on tips. This fine hotel, which opens on the 14th of this month, in the middle of the Strand, is luxurious in accommodation, but moderate in tariff. There is hot and cold water on tap in each of the 470 bed-rooms. Bed for one night, bath, and breakfast cost 6s., or for two people, 11s. Lunch is 1s. 6d., and table d'hôte dinner 2s. 6d. And no tips!

One of the smartest and most amusing illustrated booklets ever issued for advertising purposes can be obtained free from Messrs. Aplin and Barrett, Ltd., Yeovil, the makers of the famous St. Ivel cheese. It is called "The Adventures of St. Ivel," and may be commended to Mr. Baring Gould for addition to his "Lives of the Saints." St. Ivel, who has only lately been canonised, has encounters with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Bernard Pshaw, the Suffragettes, Wilky Barred, and a foreign monarch in disguise. He will take his place in the calendar along with Cornish saints, such as St. Eval (locally St. Devil) and St. Blazey.

A unique exhibition of three hundred different photographs taken during the Rheims Aviation Week is now being held at 23A, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly. The photographs, which are the work of M. Jules Richard, are extremely clear and interesting, and, as may be judged from their number, form a complete record of the most notable event in the navigation of the air which has yet taken place. The pictures show the aviators with their machines in flight and stationary, and will give those who were unable to be present at the historic flying-ground at Rheims a very clear idea of what the meeting was like, besides proving an interesting souvenir of an historic occasion to those who were lucky enough to be present. Nobody interested in aerial navigation should fail to pay a visit to M. Richard's salon.

Motorists, and other gentlemen of the road, will find much interesting information, as well as some delightful coloured illustrations of landscapes, in a series which Messrs. A. and C. Black are issuing, called "The Motor Routes of England." The volume on the Southern Counties, which has already appeared, is written by Mr. Gordon Home, and contains twenty-four full-page illustrations in colour, with forty-two maps and plans. At the head of each section are given distances, and notes as to speed-limits and dangerous points on the road. The remainder of the letterpress gives a descriptive and historical account of the places passed through. In view of the large area covered in the book, the space devoted to each town and village is necessarily brief, but it gives as many facts as a motorist, at the speed he travels, is likely to require or have time to digest. A table of Kings and Queens of England, with dates and architectural periods, a list of motor-car signs, an index, and a folding map of the South of England complete this attractive volume.

Oscar Wilde and his works continue to find favour with the literary public. The limited edition recently published by Messrs. Methuen is now out of print, and they are now issuing a popular edition of the chief works, in a set of twelve uniform volumes, at 5s. net each. Some of the special material, however, which made the limited edition complete, and which, we are told, will never again be issued, is not to be included in the present edition. The books will appear at fortnightly intervals, and include plays, poems, essays, and stories. The volume already issued contains "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime," and four other tales. Lord Arthur's crime was murder, but it did not cause him any qualms of conscience or inconvenient results. Rumour has it that the story is to be dramatised for Mr. H. B. Irving. If so, the aristocratic murderer will take his place in the popular run of triumphant criminals on the stage.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 27.

MONEY MATTERS.

ONE feels very much inclined to say that, so far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, money matters but little, the plethora of capital failing to exert any material benefit upon the best classes of securities. The rises that occurred the other day upon the marking of Consols and a few other stocks ex-dividend had their origin in a few speculative buying orders, aided by the fact that the Government happened to come in a buyer on the same day. It seems absurd to say that Consols are "too high" at 84. All the same, it looks as though the investor sees no attraction in the stock, and if he and his speculative brother do not buy, the price will go lower as sure as a gun. The inevitable tendency of money is to harden at the late end of the autumn, and imagination shudders to think of what may happen to Consols when the Bank Rate moves up to 3 per cent. It only wanted a few rumours about financial trouble in Paris to trouble the price of Consols, and the speculators who had laid in a few thousands on the cheapness of the contangorate turned sellers at once. For would-be bulls, the Consol Market is almost as hopeless as the Home Railway section.

DEALING THROUGH A BUCKET SHOP.

Since a certain notable outside broking house disappeared from view, our correspondence has sensibly lessened in one direction, but still there are many inquiries reaching us as to whether "So-and-So are safe people to deal with." May we be allowed once more to say quite clearly and emphatically that we never advise readers to deal with any outside brokers at all. That there are respectable people amongst the fraternity we admit with the greatest pleasure; but they are so few in number as compared with the disreputable that the unsophisticated stand a first-class chance of falling into bad hands. The Stock Exchange, of course, discountenances speculative dealings for all who are not principals, and the House does not lay itself out to offer tempting options, marginal or cover speculations, and that kind of thing, such as many of the outsiders do. By its legislation—founded on a wise and sound principle for the benefit of the whole community—the Stock Exchange deliberately turns away much gambling business, and so, in a way, drives clients into the bucket-shop. There are people to whom gambling of one sort or another is as the breath of their existence, but anyone with experience of speculation will endorse the truth of the statement that, unless a man has plenty of capital, the ultimate end of all such operations is loss of money, even though for a time the balance may fall on the right side.

GRAND TRUNKS.

From all the information we are able to obtain through private sources, it is evident enough that the harvest will prove a bumper one in Canada, and the steady buying of Trunks on every decline is a sure sign of the market's belief in the current six months' capacity to atone for recent disastrous half-years. Were it not for the Grand Trunk Pacific, Trunk Thirds would probably be standing at 75 to-day, but the public are afraid of the new line, and regard it as a millstone round the neck of the parent undertaking. Nevertheless, it is rather significant that the Grand Trunk Pacific 4 per Cent. bonds, of the Lake Superior, Prairie, and Mountain sections alike, are steadily appreciating in price, and the first-named stand within a point or two of par, this being the issue consistently recommended here to investors when the quotation was many points lower. From the persistent demand for all these bonds, it may be inferred not unfairly that the Grand Trunk Pacific is expected to pay in each of its divisions, as they come into operation. And with an abundant harvest almost assured, we would rather go a bull of Trunks than a bear.

THE ARGENTINE RAILWAYS.

So much depends upon what damage the frost in the earlier part of the year did to the crops in the Argentine Republic that estimates of the dividends to be paid next month must needs be cautious. Yet there seems to be little doubt in the market that the Buenos Ayres and Pacific dividend will have to come down to 7 per cent. as against 8 per cent. a year ago, and pessimists are not wanting who predict a drop to 6 per cent. for the last half-year, with 4 per cent. for the current six months, giving 5 per cent. for the whole year. If there were any real danger of this, we don't suppose the stock would stand a few points over par, but there is considerable justification for thinking that the dividend may have to come down to 5½ per cent. for the full period. The real crux of the matter is, as already stated, the amount of damage done by the frost to the crops. The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Company leads the Argentine Railway market by reason of its ramifications into other allied concerns whose dividends it guarantees, and amongst these undertakings, perhaps the cheapest stock is Argentine Great Western Ordinary, standing about 106½, in receipt of 6 per cent. dividends, that may possibly fall to 5 per cent., and the latter rate guaranteed by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway.

FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS.

Let us have a look round to see what bonds yield from 4½ to 5 per cent. on the money, and which stand below par. For the time being we will leave redemption out of account, merely remarking that in all cases in the subjoined table the bonds are redeemable only at the par value of £100. We will make a little list—

Government.	Interest.	Due.	Price.	Yield.
Argentina ..	4 ..	April, Oct. ..	90½ ..	4½
Brazil, 1895 ..	5 ..	Feb., Aug. ..	98½ ..	£5 2s.
Chili, 1909 ..	5 ..	Jan., July ..	99 ..	£5 1s
Finland ..	4½ ..	ditto. ..	96 ..	4½
Japan ..	4 ..	ditto. ..	91½ ..	£4 8s.
Russian Rails ..	4½ ..	June, Dec. ..	93½ ..	4½
Uruguay ..	5 ..	{ Jan., April ..	100 ..	£5 1s.
		{ July, Oct.		

As regards the Argentine Fours and Uruguay Fives, allowance is made, in working out the yield, for the coupon due on October 1. Otherwise the returns are calculated without reference to the dividend-dates. The bonds are of good class, and offer sound security, with a reasonable chance of advancing, except in the examples of the five per cents, where the possibility of repayment at par may operate as a drag upon a rise. Fashion has set strongly in favour of these foreign government securities, and the steady way in which the leading issues are absorbed for investment, domestic as well as Continental, falls not far short of remarkable.

Saturday, Sept. 4, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CRICKET.—India 3½ per cents. would be the best stock for your purpose. It is a Trustee security and transferable in shillings and pence.

D. J. A.—We have no especial information, but on general grounds should recommend neither.

CINCA.—You will probably do better by purchasing a couple of hundred pounds bonds selected from the list set out above. Of your own catalogue (2) and (3) are first-class stocks.

ALLOY.—Quite a good Kaffir selection. Should hold them all. The Copper shares rather a doubtful holding. It seems to us they ought to be turned out on any material advance.

ALPHA BETA.—The New Goch is expected to declare a dividend this year. United Rhodesia shares have risen because the Company is interested in properties which have recently shown good developments. Canadian Pacifics we should hold, as you have paid for them. And, in conclusion, permit us to thank you for your kindly flattery.

VULCAN.—To be quite candid, we don't think much of any of them. You might use the money to greater advantage in other things.

W. W.—We must refer you to our Rule 2.

GRE.—(1) The price is 15s. middles, and the market looks upon the shares as fairly good. We have no information about the pumping costs. (2) Near to properties that are well thought of. Rather a gamble, though. If you want a West African speculation, try Liberian Developments, about 4s. 6d.

ENQUIRER.—(1) It will be about £212,000 if the options are exercised. (2) The assets consist of a variety of shares and properties, chiefly shares in the Northern Mines, Lancefield, and Zinc Corporation. (3) Some of them are not bad. (4) We believe it was subscribed. (5) Highly problematical.

The directors of Carreras, Ltd., out of an available balance of £37,491, recommend that a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum for the past half-year, making 7½ per cent. for the year, be paid on the Ordinary shares, and that the sum of £8,000 be placed to reserve, leaving a balance of £16,417 to be carried forward.

NORTH WHITE FEATHER GOLD-MINES, LIMITED.—This Company, having recently purchased three adjoining leases, comprising 44 acres, is now in a position to carry out an extensive scheme of operations. At present four levels are being driven north into the new property, and, it is anticipated, will open up a large tonnage of ore at a comparatively small cost. The reefs on these levels are from 30 inches to 48 inches in width, containing average values from 8 dwt. to 18 dwt. to the ton. The cost of working has been reduced to under 20s. per ton. The cyanide plant has been remodelled, and the current sands are being treated at a cost of 2s. 1d. per ton (2000 lb.). The North White Feather is a well-known producer, although not on a large scale; but owing to the perseverance displayed by the present management, it is becoming a proposition which will, in the course of a few months, reward the shareholders in a substantial manner. Ample funds are in hand to meet every contingency and to pay dividends; but, for the moment, the cash resources will be kept intact until the board are fully confident of the future before distributing profits. Already a dividend of 6d. per share has been paid, and, from the reports, it would appear that the future is a bright one.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Bayard will just beat Minoru for the St. Leger. Other Doncaster tips are: Rufford Abbey Handicap, Submit; Alexandra Handicap, Larig; Portland Handicap, Poor Boy; Rous Plate, Washoe; Prince of Wales's Nursery, Decidedly; Doncaster Cup, Dark Ronald; Doncaster Stakes, Battle Axe; Park Hill Stakes, Princesse de Galles. At Alexandra Park Bustle may win the Finsbury Handicap, Avenger the September Welter, and Noble the Autumn Nursery. At Hull the Grimsby Handicap may go to Perrier, and S.S. should win the Hedon Nursery. At Warwick 1 like Black Sea for the Warwick Handicap.

THE TURF ON THE TABLE; A PARISIAN CRAZE.

(See Illustrations.)

IT must seem incredible that grown men and women should go wild with excitement over the race-game which is so familiar in every nursery. Nevertheless it is a fact, and certain circles in Paris are as excited over the performances of the little leaden horses moved forward in accordance with the throw of the dice as other men are over horses of real flesh and blood. Indeed, racing-clubs for the express purpose of matching these leaden steeds in break-neck encounters over a wooden track have already been formed, and their membership grows from day to day. The two leading organisations are known as the Racing Plomb Club, the first of all such societies, and the Pur Plomb Club, which is its greatest rival. In the former such well-known writers as Tristan Bernard, one of the authors of "Toddles," etc., and Fernand Vandérem are among the most active of the members, who also include Alfred Capus and several distinguished writers on the leading Paris papers; while in the Pur Plomb Club a leading part is played by M. Romain Coolus, M. André Picard, and M. Vuillard, the well-known painter. These men all declare that there is no distraction so great as that furnished by the races of the leaden horses, before whose activities the excitements of poker, baccarat, and bridge pale their ineffectual fires.

Credit for the inauguration of these races must be given to M. Fernand Vandérem, who amused himself with them in his schooldays. Later on, he established weekly meetings with some friends for the purpose of playing the race-game, and out of them the Racing Plomb Club, or the "R.P.C.," as it is more familiarly called, grew, for each of the competitors gradually got together a number of horses, which were kept in stables modelled after real ones. They gave their horses names, and then they took to racing them for money stakes, the races being called after those celebrated on the turf. Gradually, a series of rules was drawn up, one of the most important of which gives the horse which wins a certain number of races a slight advantage. When, for instance, a horse has won stakes to the value of seventy-five francs, if its owner throws a six, instead of advancing the horse six points on the board it is advanced seven points. If the horse has won two hundred francs, it gets two points for every six thrown when its turn comes; if it has won four hundred francs it gets three points; if it has won eight hundred francs it gets four points, while if it has won sixteen hundred francs it gets five points, so that if the owner is lucky enough to throw six it advances eleven marks on the board.

Few horses, however, have ever won so much as to get the addition of five points, for their appearance is, like that of real horses, limited to a certain number of years, after which they cannot take part in any competition. Then, as with horses of flesh and blood, they may, so to speak, be put to stud, and they may have colts and fillies in the ordinary way, which derive a certain benefit from the previous performances of their sire and dam.

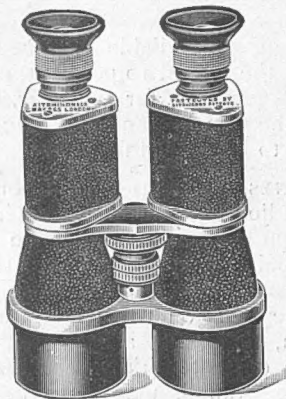
To give greater verisimilitude to the game, each owner has his colours, while there is a stud-book, in which each horse is accurately described by name and according to the design painted on him. Many of these names are delightfully fantastic, like "It'll Rain To-morrow" and "Tangle-Foot," while other names are after well-known people, plays, etc.

The jockeys are, naturally, the owners, who throw the dice which determine the speed of the horses, and they make a point of being present at every meeting, for they love the excitement. If by chance anything unforeseen prevents their attendance, they send a friend to represent them. Substitutes are paid for their services, for they receive twenty per cent. of the stakes which they win. Certain of the prizes are comparatively large; thus the Grand Prix carries a stake of three hundred francs, the Derby is worth two hundred and fifty francs, the Grand Steeplechase and the Grand Prix d'Automne are each two hundred francs, while the smallest stake is forty francs. The entrance fee varies up to twenty francs for the Grand Prix. These races are begun with three or four dice, are continued with two, and ended with one dice, in order to prolong the delightful uncertainty, which carries the excitement to the same fever-heat as may be seen any day at Auteuil or Longchamps, both of which courses are reproduced on the race-board, according as the races are steeplechase or on the flat. In the former races, the obstacles and hedges, the wall and the river at Auteuil are realistically reproduced; while in the case of the latter the course at Longchamps is as accurately represented with its trees and the natural rise and fall of the course.

Some of these little leaden horses actually seem to show a special aptitude for a particular form of work, and will win again and again in flat racing, and fail again and again in the steeplechase. In this way they acquire a reputation, and though originally they cost only a few pence each, a horse which has won a great many races may be regarded by its owner as being worth a very large sum, below which he would not dream of selling it, even if he would contemplate an offer for it at all.

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